RAILROAD

MARCH 1976

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WORTH IT?

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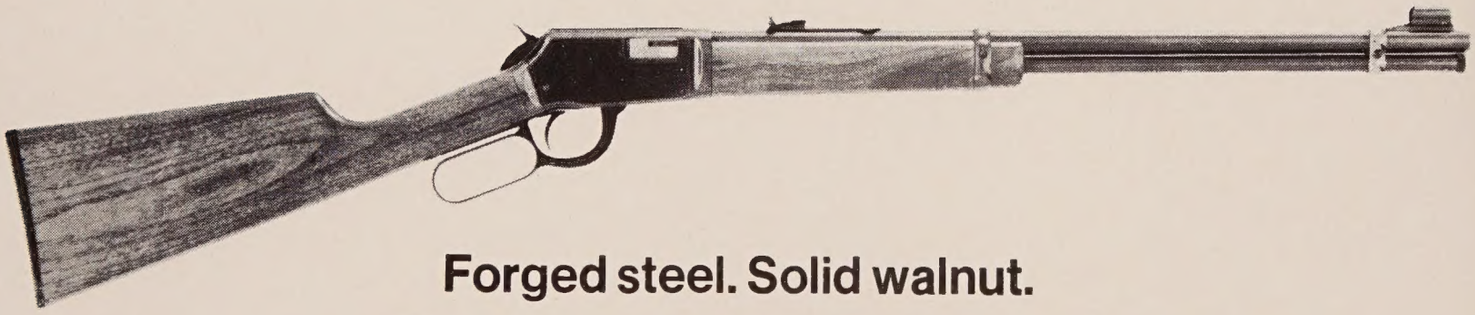

Forged steel. Solid walnut. Classic styling. Modern design. The big reasons the 9422 is "worth it".

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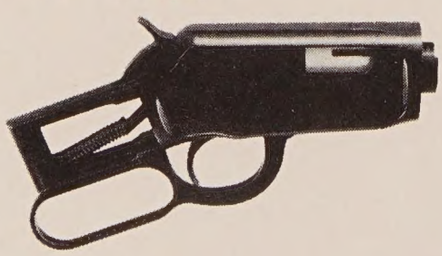

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For more reasons why the Winchester Model 9422 is "worth it" see your Winchester dealer.

RAILROAD MAGAZINE

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906

Vol. 99, No. 5 **March, 1976**

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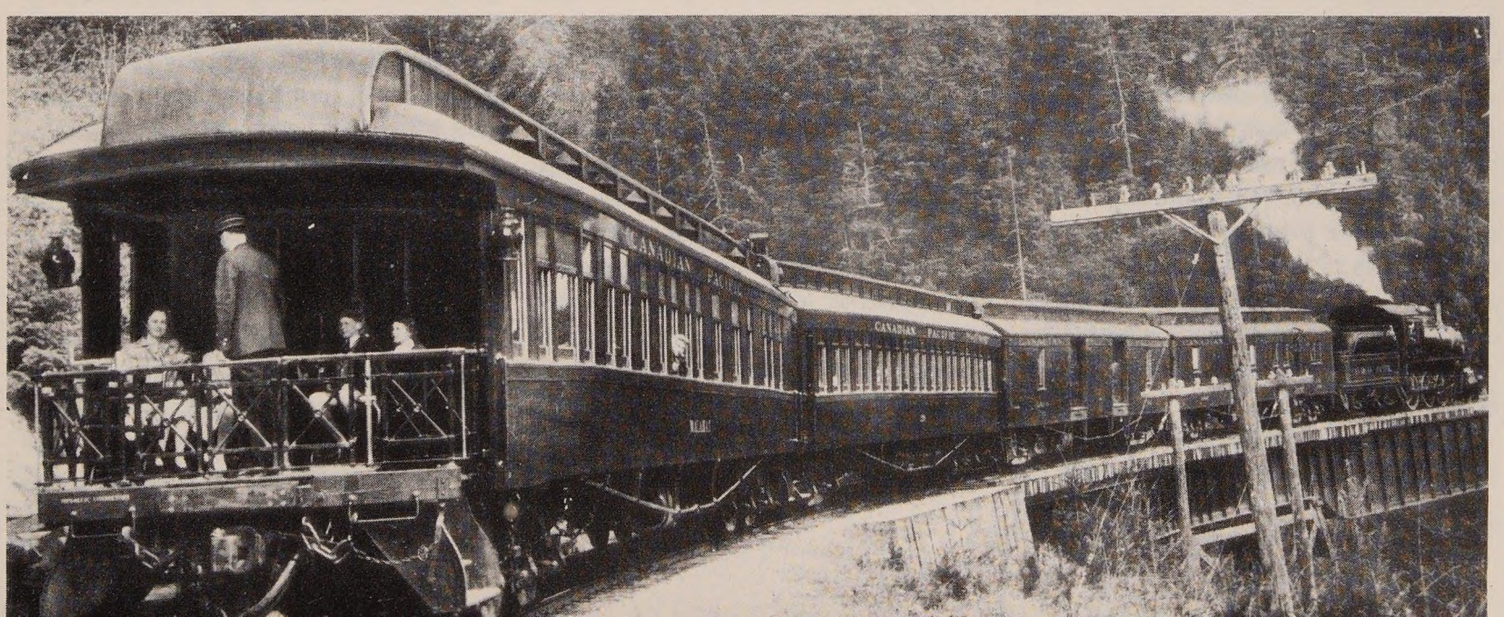
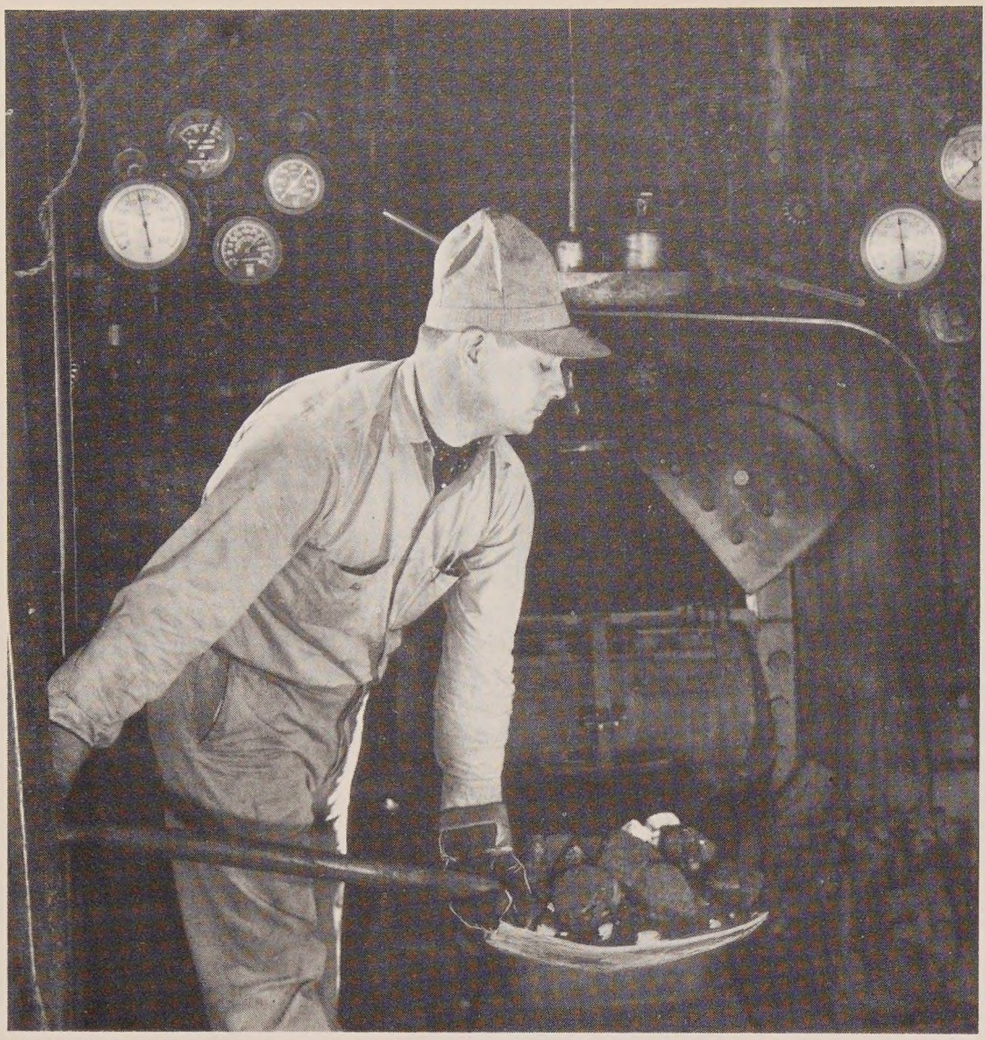
From Canadian Pacific archives

Leisure way of life years ago traveling aboard Canadian Pacific observation car over Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry. in Canada.





Bailing the diamonds for a heavy-handed hog-mauler was a tough job in steam days.
Missouri Pacific Railroad

Romance, Adventure, Glory!

by JAMES B. RELYEA

LET'S GO railroading 1900 style. You were born next door to a boxcar, the sound of smashing couplers in your ears. You cut your teeth on a switch key; your playthings were links and pins. You were educated to the fifth grade on the grab-irons of car cuts in the yards, and at the age of eighteen you graduate with honors in the descriptive language of the rails.

You are ready now to go out on your own. You beg, borrow, or steal a "thousand-mile" shirt, so called because it was often worn for 1,000 miles before being sent to the laundry, a soft round hat, and a black string tie, and wash your face and put on shoes—more truth than fiction at the time—and hit the trainmaster for a job braking.

He asks, "How old are you?"

You say, "Twenty-one."

The trainmaster grins as he looks you over. "Twenty-one already? My, how time flies!"

But he tells the clerk to fix you up. You are given a switch key, a "bible" (book of rules), and a brake club. You sign the payroll card. Then you make three trips to learn the road. Or maybe you don't, but convince the caller that you did. Anyhow, you are put on the extra list, and soon you get your first call.

At last you are a railroader! You sign the book proudly with a couple of flourishes. For a while you are cussed by everybody you meet. But don't worry; you soon learn the ropes. Some day it will be your turn to cuss the students. In no time at all you pick up the art of poling cars, flying switches, rolling and lighting cigarettes on the deck of a boxcar in a windstorm. In three months you know it all.

Up till now you have been a hustler, but the many times you got a close view of the Pearly Gates slow you down a bit. Your heart sinks when you see one of the men pass through. Perhaps a pal has "greased the rail" (been run over).

It's too awful to think about. You turn your mind to other things. You listen to the boomers who come and go—their thrilling lies of far-off rails, lies of endless sunny days with all the good eats and drinks, lies of adventure, romance, and beautiful and willing dames waiting for you just around the next corner.

You believe it all. Then comes the day you "pull the pin" (quit the job) and start out to see where the rails go. That's hitting the boomer trail. You will make a piker out of Marco Polo and Sinbad the Sailor. You kiss the old buddies bye-bye and climb on a hack. A week here, a month there, and you land on the West Coast. It's as far West as you can go and continue to railroad.

Maybe you're in Los Angeles, in Riverside, in San Berdoo, or Oakland. By this time you might fire "hand bombers" (coalburners without mechanical stokers) as well as brake. Well, the next thing to do is start back East. Maybe you had Rule G (liquor) troubles on the way West, so you hire out in spots under a "flag" (phony name).

In about two weeks you hit Barstow or Needles and maybe make a couple of round trips out of Needles. Then in turn, you work Albuquerque, Las Vegas, and La Junta, and land in Dodge City teetotally busted.

After a month there you have a few dollars, so you jump on to Newton for a short stay, then Fort Madison, and to Chicago for a visit on many pikes—unless it is winter, in which case you collect a stake for a long jump to Buffalo.

BUFFALO was the boomer's paradise in the early 1900s. You could always find jobs floating around in Buffalo. Here you use your own name again. Tell the call-

Things perked up around the Milford, Ind., depot about 1913, when CCC&StL (Big Four) 7095 arrived with varnish. Note swinging bell.

Copied from glass plate in collection of C.W. Jernstrom, 822 Pelham Dr., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46825

boy you want a job. He gets in touch with the trainmaster and marks you up. You go firing on the West Shore, make three trips to Syracuse, and then lay off or quit. You need a good sleep with plenty of tired tonic in a quart bottle.

Ditto the New York Central, the Erie, and the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh (all now bygone pikes) or take your choice. Again you head East—Syracuse, Elmira, or Sayre—what in hell is the difference? You get a job, but a few weeks later you decide to go back home for a visit—Albany, Jersey City, Philly, or wherever you came from.

Ha, ha! Boomer! Romance, adventure, glory! You tell the old gang all the familiar lies entitled, "From Coast to Coast." Tales of the Golden West, ninety bucks a month on the San Pedro harbor job, gay nights at Jack Haley's in Los Angeles, the two-day love of a lifetime in Las Vegas, balmy days in El Paso. Girls galore. Bright lights along Sheridan Road in old Chicago.

Yeah? You with empty pockets, not even an extra pair of socks. But you have mem'ries that'll always be with you. Mem'ries of lonely, gloomy, half-starved days in tiny Desert Division towns, days when your tongue hung out. Yes, you're a full-fledged boomer now.

You ramble again, and this time you anchor at West Albany on the Central's world-famous Mohawk Division. Four tracks of pure hell when the grain begins to run. It's about this time, say 1902, that the nice new Compounds arrive, fifty of them. Use the same steam twice and pull as many as sixty cars. Such fun firing them!

A crew called for six a.m. left at noon. Six p.m. might find them at Yost—forty miles in twelve hours. No dog catchers. That is to say, no one to relieve you when you work long hours of overtime. You stick with the drag if it takes sixty hours.

Brakemen drew about $60 a month in those days if they didn't lay off for a sleep. A fireman got a little more, but he paid a big drop of sweat for every pound of steam to the rotten compounded iron hogs.

More steam leaked away from those damned hogs than was used. The head end looked like a cloud; the only way to see ahead was to shut off or have the head brakeman ride the pilot. There were plenty of train wrecks in those happy days.

That Mohawk Division made more boomers than the entire Pennsy did. We're still speaking of the early 1900s, of course.

We take a peek into the West Albany "bungalow" (railroad YMCA) in let's say January, 1902. All the beds are full. Men are asleep on rickety chairs and even on the floor. A clerk calls the crews. Language never heard in Sunday school flows freely between the clerk and the down-trodden slaves, but you force your eyes open and get ready to go.

You manage to reach the lunch bar, where you eat a doubleheaded order of "dope and flats" (coffee and hotcakes), bundle up in all the clothes you own, get a basket packed with grub—enough for a week, perhaps—and start out through the blizzard, across the bridge, and down into the roundhouse.

The sassy clerk tells you to find the nice Compound—Number 2700, let us say. You find her, take one look, then another look to be sure, and head for the office. Then you howl about flues that leak like a rainstorm. You talk loudly regarding other details of that damned rolling so-and-so.

Your howls reach the ears of that

dear old friend of all the fireboys, Mike Manning, upstairs. Mike comes down and listens to your story. What does he do about it? Applies the old salve—hearty laughs, with a slap on the back—which fixes any Compound—at least, until she gets out of his sight.

Remember the days when Mike was a callboy? Remember him making the rounds, shaking the half-dead "hog nurses" alive with threats, promises or blarney? He'd even offer to hold up your sleepy head while you signed the little black book—in those days, remember?

GETTING BACK to the subject: You stand on the bridge undecided whether to fire or brake. One set of steps goes down to the office of Billy Spice, trainmaster. The opposite side leads to the master mechanic's office.

You choose firing—that's warmer than braking—and in ten minutes you have a job. You start for the bungalow, but the caller almost beats you there. He orders you to get on a Compound in a hurry. You meet Mike in the office.

Mike says encouragingly: "Hurry up! Get her hot! Slade will be over there in a minute."

You find the hog back in a dark alley. You turn the blower on, hook the fire deep, bail in a ton of something called coal; and by this time the hoghead shows up. He monkeys around until Mike appears and bawls out: "Come on, you so-called engine-mauler. This a hurry job! Get going!"

The hog-teaser gives a jerk on the bellrope. A bag of rags suddenly appears on the turntable. He opens her up and at once a cloud of steam fills the place. Every Compound I've ever seen or heard of is full of front-end leaks. They can't be stopped, it is claimed, so she goes over the road in a bunch of steam.

Just inquire around among the old-timers if you think I'm exaggerating. Anyhow, the hoghead inches her along to balance on the turntable and in course of time you get over, under the bridge, and onto the train, and you pump up the air, if any. The brains comes up then, with his brakemen all bundled up, only the eyes and nose showing.

He says: "Why don't you ride the crummy—you can see more back there than you can here?" Then; "We got fifty-four cars, dammit, with five cars of air. Ready when you are."

The eagle-eye jerks his tail, and you're off in a nimbus of steam, with the head shack on the pilot. You manage to get out of the yard and up to the tower at Carmen, where you join the parade. Two yard goats push you to the top of the hill and then you slide down to Schenectady for the sandbank plug.

There you stand on the bank and freeze while the exasperating slow trickle of half-frozen water takes thirty minutes to fill the tank. Then you crawl along to where you stand back of three trains at the Hoffman plug, and wait your turn.

Then on to St. Johnsville, where you stop for coal and water. The rear brakeman comes ahead about this time to trade jobs so that the head man can go back to eat. Oh, boy! He has a big can of coffee and a pint of snake-bite cure, "Pride of West Albany."

The hog-mauler takes his share, maybe a little more, and you have a nice long swig yourself. How are you to know but what a big twenty-foot rattlesnake won't jump out of one of these snowbanks and bite your left ear?

After that you rake and shake your fire with the new life blood and you cover the white spots 'way up front without half trying. Meanwhile, you are dragging along to the Herkimer plug, and then on to the Utica yard.

There you join the convention meeting in the lower yard office for an hour or so. After that you move up to the Genesee Street crossing. There you stand for another hour to let traffic run by the roundhouse and back. And then on to Rome!

There might be a clear track, so the skipper rides out on the pilot, as the brakeman has positively refused to freeze to death. A red bug at Whitesboro. Glad news! There's a wreck at Rome, two trains in a heap! An eastbound cloud broke in two and came together again, then a westbound cloud tore into it.

You refill your pint flask in town and watch the "big hook" go by in a cloud of steam. You lay there just seven hours. Coal and water being low, you then drag into Rome.

No wonder they call Rome the "Eternal City"—you wait at Rome, N. Y., so eternally long. Why in hell trains are held there for hours without reason is a mystery.

Ages pass before you leave Rome. The hogger looks at his watch and yelps: "Holy Moses, twenty-two hours! I could walk faster than that!"

You try to laugh as he talks to himself. Still, you wonder yourself if the old folks at home are still alive and if it was yesterday, last week, or last month you left West Albany.

Two hours later in Oneida you rave and rant all over the deck. You throw the scoop back on the coal and tell your pal you're done railroading and you're getting off this greasy man-killer, never to look a dirty hog in the face again.

"No man with brains ever goes railroadin'," he says, "and when he does he can't stop. Only $3.20 for 147 miles, wow! A coal-heaver in a coal-yard earns that much in ten hours. And a garbage collector gets much more for a short working day. I'll bet you got insanity back in the family some place."

At length, after a lot more delays, your train crawls into the yards and—oh, delicious sensation!—you go over to Carey's and flop into the hay.

But in six hours a sadistic caller shakes you alive. You refuse to go. You chase him out and push the bed against the door and you go to sleep as he pounds on the door and wall. He tries again in six hours, then eight. No use! You sleep the clock around—and then back to work!

Yeah, you're a boomer. Romance, adventure, and glory! •

THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

When Amtrak's northbound *Coast Starlight* made a five-minute stop at San Luis Obispo, Calif., last Sept. 10th, passenger Nancy Dockery got off to stretch her legs a bit.
Photograph by William T. Morgan

THE REFLECTION on a rail makes our front cover unique. We see Union Pacific's DD35A at Las Vegas, Nevada, on August 21, 1974. The photo was made by one of our *Interesting Railfans,* J. Howard Audibert, 6632 28th Street South, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33712.

"Las Vegas is the land of casinos, entertainers, and beautiful showgirls," he writes. "It is also Union Pacific territory. Seeking a photogenic Western locomotive, I found a long eastbound freight headed by the first double-D 35A I'd ever seen. Thanks to a trainmaster's cooperation, the train was held up long enough for me to shoot my fill of photos. These modern monsters burnish the rails, thus making their own mirrors."

Design in lower left corner is a computer code to expedite our magazine distribution. Similar designs appear on many packaged and canned goods, etc., in addition to other magazine covers. We admit it's not pretty, but it helps a lot.

Our April cover will show a Pennsy passenger train with steam loco 1361, including keystone, on Horseshoe Curve.

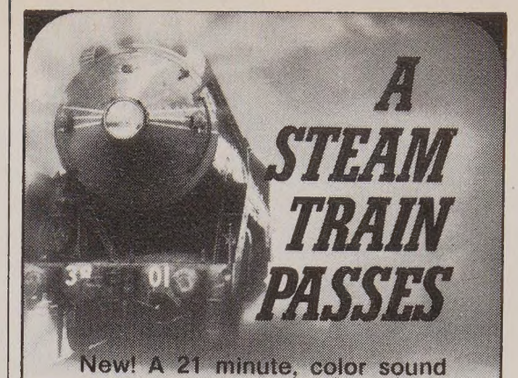
The Personality Parade

REGARDING your note on photographer Bill Morgan in December *Railroad,* he's not the only Antarctic veteran among your contributors. In the fall of 1971, I spent a couple of months ferrying supplies to Antarctica from New Zealand, while I was a lead navigator with the Military Airlift Command. I can sympathize with Bill's isolation; he'll have to settle for photographing penguins. Incidentally, Antarctica is not a "sub-continent" but is, in fact, the fifth largest of the earth's continents. The average distance from coast to coast is about 2800 miles.—Bill Withuhn (one of our *Interesting Railfans,* photographers, and authors), 123 Linden Ave., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850

MAX CARASSO, author of *People vs. Cars: the Rising Resentment Against the Automobile,* a little book we recommend, has been awarded a regional certificate of appreciation by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency for his efforts as a citizen-activist in defense of the environment. Max is consultant and honorary president of the American Pedestrian Assn., 170 Broadway, N.Y. 10038.

RECENTLY a Troy, N.Y., newspaper published a photo that would send shivers up and down the back of any railroad man. It shows a man and his son walking a railroad track. Not only were they guilty of trespass, but the man put his life and his child's life on the line. Today's engines run fairly quiet and people might not hear a train coming up behind them and probably wouldn't before it was too late. Speaking as a person who has had to investigate such accidents, it made me shudder to see that picture. The implication that it's all right to teach children to walk the tracks.

I have heard stories about engineers being able to see the people and stop in



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(Top) Ginger Stewart, Santa Fe substitute agent at Granbury, Texas, inspects freight consigned to Glen Rose nuclear plant last summer. (Lower) Ginger at work in office.

Santa Fe Railway

time. But many freights pull over 100 cars weighing over one to 200 tons each. Such a train at just 30 mph would take close to a half-mile to stop! In the majority of cases, the engineer could not stop in time. Our main concern is to get freight over the rails as fast and safely as possible, without injuring or killing people.—F.W. Mott, lieutenant, Delaware & Hudson Police.

MIKE MacFARLANE is proud of a letter he received from President Gerald R. Ford on White House Stationery. Mike is 12, lives at 16 Summit Rd., Elizabeth, N.J. 07208, and is the grandson of a Jersey Central clerk. He had written to Mr. Ford about the way animals are treated. The President replied: "I am pleased to hear from you and I appreciate your writing about matters that mean very much to you. I can see you truly love animals and I congratulate you in wanting to protect them from unnecessary cruelty. A great philosopher once said that the real test of a civilization is the way we treat those who cannot help themselves. Your concern for animals is a first step towards making the world better—not just for animals, but for people, too."

DEFINITION of ticket collector: The man who never wants to see your ticket unless you are asleep.

GEORGE DZIKIY, age 59, is a model railroad baron. With more than 120 locomotives to haul nearly 1,000 freight and passenger cars, his basement rail empire is one of Pennsylvania's largest in miniature. Housed in a specially constructed 60-by30 foot building in Pitcairn, Pa., a Pittsburgh suburb, his trains operate on about one-half mile of track. He laid it all out himself after cutting thousands of wood ties and "spiking" the rails by hand.

His passenger station, modeled after Cincinnati's Union Station, has 14 platforms. The freight yard on the other side of the room has 17 tracks parallel to each other.

Dzikiy's models are in O-gauge, which means ¼ inch in scale measurements equals about one foot on the prototype. Despite their relatively tiny size, all of the cars on Dzikiy's pike show rivets and grab-irons where they should be, the numbering on cars and engines corresponds to the real thing and many of the cars have been "weathered" to look like they've been out in the elements for years.

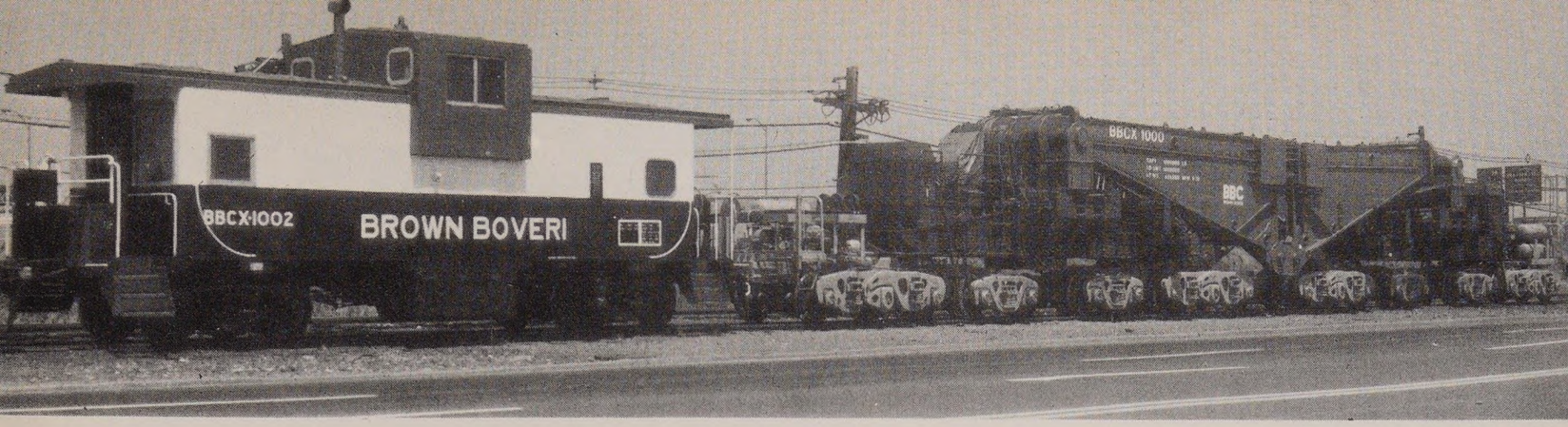
A self-admitted purist, Dzikiy rarely buys manufactured trains or kits. "I build them from scratch," he says.

A Versatile Railgirl

GINGER STEWART hired out to the Santa Fe in 1974 as a train-order clerk on the extra board at Fort Worth. Last summer she spent five weeks as a substitute agent at Granbury, Texas, and she "just loved it."

It is unusual to have females make some of the heavy equipment freight inspections Ginger made while filling in for J.W. Walker, Granbury's vacationing agent.

In early August she inspected an oversize freight load consigned to the nuclear power plant under construction at Glen Rose. Because the fabricated iron and steel shipment extended six to eight inches over the width of the bulkhead flatcar, the shipment was more susceptible to damage



Who can supply details on this hack, built by International Car Co., and a generator carrier car, seen at Port Newark, N.J.?
H. Bolsen, 146 E. 5 Avenue, Roselle, N.J. 07203

en route, and it was Ginger's job to check for possible damage before unloading.

The two-car shipment was parked on a siding at DeCordoba spur, about six miles out of Granbury, to await unloading by the consignees. Ginger, dressed casually in blue jeans, a cotton blouse, and hard hat, mounted the car and thoroughly checked the load to make sure there was no damage. There was none.

Ginger has worked as a billing clerk, train-order clerk, teletype clerk, and relief agent. She feels the varied job assignments help to give her an overall view of Santa Fe's operations. Her ambition is to become a dispatcher.

"I have met a lot of people and seen a lot of places that I probably would never have gone to," Ginger said of her railroad job. "I have some jobs that I like better than others, but it's kind of like a new adventure: You wonder when you get off one job where you will be the next time."—Susan Metcalfe in *Santa Fe Magazine.*

Electrification Problems

THE LETTER by David J. Williams III printed in your December issue under the heading of "Electrification Problems" reads as though it were written by a public relations officer of the Milwaukee Road. It seems to me that Mr. Williams is poorly informed on the subject and repeated only what he had heard. The information he claims to have acquired "from personnel on the spot" must have come from men who had either been brainwashed or coached by Milwaukee Road management on how to answer questions from outsiders.

Researchers intimately acquainted with Milwaukee Road electrification have studied the subject with great care. One researched it for a college thesis. Another studied it in depth, off and on, for 14 years. Two others surveyed it over periods of 49 and 54 years respectively. All of them, plus about two dozen others, weighed the explanations Mr. Williams set forth and not one of them found his arguments tenable.

This group's findings were published recently in a report embodying 22 pages of text, 9 pages of economic tables, graphs with explanatory notes, and documented by 57 references. The report, entitled *The Abandonment of Electric Operation by the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad,* is available from the Northwest Rail Improvement Committee, Box 2724, Everett, Wash, 98203, for $2 postpaid.

Another recent paper from the same source, *The Revitalization of American Railroads,* costs $3 postpaid. Including testimony delivered to a Congressional subcommittee, it explains why ConRail cannot solve our transportation problem because it sidesteps causes and deals only with symptoms.—Gordon W. Rogers, chairman, NRIP.

Old Conductors Recall . . .

PENN CENTRAL, freight lifeline to some and a commuting hassle to others, is a roundhouse of memories to old Connecticut conductors, reports the *Waterbury American.* They can still recall the sleeping cars that once ran in New England, the cattle the line used to ship to New Haven, and the corn-husking bees that filled cars headed for Kent at harvest time.

"They're all gone and I think we all miss a little of that," recalls John J. Collins. But even with progress, the life of the railroader is still a hard one at times."

"Under the old rules you'd sometimes work a double shift, 16 hours," recalls William Zikias. "After 15 years on the extra list you might get a regular run and then find yourself back on the extra list after a week. Today you can get a regular trick after maybe two years."

Despite its rigors, the extra list holds some appeal for the railroader.

"I could have a regular run, but I mostly still work the extra list," Zikias comments. "I like the variety."

He remembers that in the old days you had to start out on freight and baggage before working passenger service.

"We'd get everything. We used to bring cattle in to be slaughtered at New Haven and if a certain time elapsed before they were brought in we'd have to take them off and feed them. It was no job for a superstitious person. We used to carry bodies of human beings for burial in New England and there were a lot in the winter coming from Florida. Sometimes there might be five or six of them on board.

"Then there were the specials. We had

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Photo used on a Yuletide greeting from England: Locomotive No. 1420 haulding the *Devon Belle* at Nursery Pool Bridge in 1975.
Courtesy of Joseph Fox, 4 Heathfield, Holden Avenue, North Finchley, London, England N12 8HY

boating specials, baseball, skiing, bicycle specials—we had a husking bee special that went up to Kent in the fall. There were dancing, music, cider. It was a lot of fun."

It could get rowdy, too. Zikias recalls that after one baseball special 92 seats were found missing from the lounge area.

Unusual British News

BRITISH RAIL NEWS reports that five Western Region railwaymen goggled in amazement one bright summer morning while riding a brake van (caboose) along a redundant stretch of track. They passed almost within touching distance of a young blonde beauty, stark naked, sunbathing on the concrete base of a demolished signalbox in the South Wales countryside.

Said Ken Bevans, area engineer: "The branch had been out of use for freight trains for two years and for passenger trains for 20 years, and we were surveying the track prior to lines being taken up. We had to stop several times to remove barbed wire put on the line by farmers trying to prevent cattle straying. We found ten goats tethered to the line by long ropes and horses galloped along the track in front of us.

"You might think we had seen everything until, approaching Lampeter station at about eight miles an hour, we rolled by this old signalbox base way out in the countryside and with not a house in sight. The girl lay stretched full out on the signalbox base with not a stitch on. As our inspection train passed close by her, she was so taken aback that she sat bolt upright and put her hands in front of her eyes—perhaps hoping if she couldn't see *us*, we couldn't see *her!* Who would ever expect a train to be traveling along a line closed for years?"

On the way back two hours later, when the loco and brake van passed the same spot, the girl had gone.

BRITISH RAIL'S high-speed train—Inter-City 125—is making its debut on the London to South Wales line, giving passengers between Paddington, Cardiff, and Swansea a chance to sample the prototype of a new generation of top-speed trains. At first the train, which holds the world's diesel—train speed record of 143 mph, traveled at normal inter-city speeds of up to 100 mph as part of the current conventional timetable—but it is designed to run in service at a maximum of 125 mph and can easily attain this speed when required.

Eventually South Wales, like Bristol, will have BR's first regular high-speed train service when 27 sets of the new trains are progressively put in operation this year. Journey times from Cardiff to London will then be cut by 25 minutes—with a city-to-city timing of one hour, 46 minutes—while London-bound travelers from Swansea will save 36 minutes. Similar cuts on the Bristol-via-Bath route will cut the time by 26 minutes.

British Rail's first purpose-built high-speed train depots will be opening soon. They are at Bristol Street, Philip's Marsh, and London Old Oak Common, and are specially designed for maintenance of Western Region's fleet of 27 high-speed trains now being built.

Two more fueling and servicing points—at Cardiff and Swansea—are under construction; will be commissioned for use this year. Servicing requirements for the trains include daily fueling, cleaning, and watering, and regular inspection and maintenance, with heavier maintenance and cleaning being carried out at monthly, three-monthly, and six-monthly intervals. For this info we thank John Drayton, a retired BR engineer.

THEY'VE had a most unusual lost property item at Handforth station on British Rail's electrified Manchester/Crewe line: a Shetland pony. It was found on the station steps at 7:25 a.m. just as Don Williams was collecting tickets.

"I was afraid he might get on to the tracks, so we had to lock him up in the only suitable place, the toilets," Don says.

Fortunately, the animal followed the ticket collector without a murmur into his

new stable. Don then contacted the police. He learned that the pony had come from Heald Green, four miles away, but the owner couldn't collect until the next day, so the creature spent the night at a home for horses in Wilmslow.

ALSO in England, York's historic station has a new and brighter image. A high-pressure sodium lighting installation, designed by Eastern Region technicians, is spreading a new form of light from the famous curved arch of the station's high-vaulted roof—and the color shining on to platforms and track is now brighter than white. This lighting is the first of its type to be installed specifically for illuminating station platforms and replaces the former cold cathode lights.

THE FIRST Cook's tour was a rail excursion in England. On July 5, 1841, a train pulled out of Leicester, carrying 570 passengers. They each held a one-shilling ticket which entitled them to a 10-mile ride to Loughborough and back, tea and buns at Mr. Paget's Park and brass band music all the way. The afternoon—filled with cricket and temperance speeches—ended successfully, and Thomas Cook, who might be called the father of modern tourism, had discovered his calling as an excursionist and travel agent. This started a career that put the term "Cook's tour" into the dictionary.

After several years as an unpaid organizer of excursions, Cook arranged his first one for profit in 1845—a trip to the sea at Liverpool for which he negotiated with four railroad companies, investigated the restaurants and hotel which his customers would visit, and wrote a guide book which was possibly the first of its kind. This business expanded until it became world-wide and, despite inflation, is still flourishing.

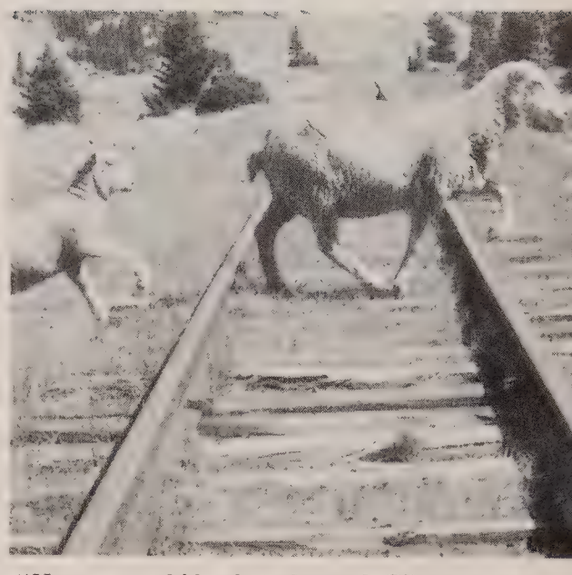
Our Monthly Newscast

TRAINS are running again through Union Pacific's newly enlarged Aspen tunnel in the Wasatch Mountain Range, 15 miles east of Evanston, Wyoming. To enlarge the tunnel bore took 18 months and cost $7 million. The floor had to be dropped five feet and nine feet of concrete and rock removed. The old concrete floor, varying in thickness from 2 to 8 feet, had to be blasted away in sections. As the supporting floor and walls were removed, the remaining tunnel lining was held in place with horizontal struts and underpins.

FOR THE FIRST time, railroad traffic safety is being introduced into Michigan's school driver-education program through use of a new sound-slide film. The 13-minute film, "They can't Stop," was produced by Grand Trunk Western Railroad, which donated 700 copies to the Michigan Board of Education when school budget cuts seemed to doom the project.

BOSTON & MAINE has filed a reorganization plan with the ICC to make it an independent line in the Northeast outside the structure of ConRail. Under the plan, B&M would sell its commuter lines for $39.5 million to the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority and transfer one or more branch lines to the state of New Hampshire for a price to be negotiated. Other moves call for the carrier to float $33 million in stock to creditors and for other partial payments. It also plans to set up a fund for capital improvements.

THE NORWEGIAN State Railroads will introduce a new express train on May 30th, between Oslo and Bergen, said to be the most scenic rail journey in Europe. It will leave Oslo at 7:30 a.m., arriving at Bergen at 2:10 p.m., and in the other direction it will leave Bergen at 7:30 a.m.



"Hurry up, kid, that damned Silverton train is coming!" Scene on the Denver & Rio Grande Western near Durango, Colo., where the steam tourist line starts.

Photograph by Joseph A. Mannix

A METER maid in San Francisco saw the engine of the American Freedom Train parked illegally and she did her patriotic duty—slapping a ticket on it. The locomotive was was on display at Fisherman's Wharf, but was parked in a "non-allotted space," the ticket said.

Asked what would be done about the citation, a Freedom Train representative shrugged: "We'll take it down to the Hall

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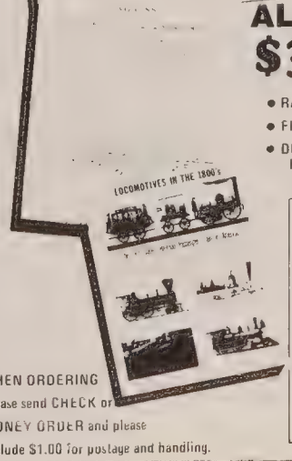

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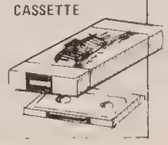

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of Justice and pay it." The rest of the Freedom Train was parked at the Presidio, where it was open to public viewing.

ITALIAN railway workers have gone out on strike over the high cost of French cuisine. Complaining that meals in France became too expensive after the Italian lira dropped in value compared to the French franc, the railroadmen said they could no longer afford daily trips to Modane, France, They demanded extra pay for trips across the border and a special cafeteria in Modane.

Rail officials said during the strike traffic would be disrupted on the Rome-Paris and Milan-Lyon lines but some of the main trains to Paris would be rerouted through Switzerland, by way of Domodossola and Vallorbe.

PULLMAN INCORPORATED, of Chicago, which won international fame by building and operating Pullman cars, has adopted a new identity program that ties its varied activities together visually for the first time since it began to expand beyond railroad equipment some 30 years ago. This program includes an emblem that reminds you of a military chevron and the use of the word "Pullman" in the names of all of its divisions and subsidiaries, domestic and foreign: Pullman Incorporated, Standard Pullman, Pullman Trailmobile, Pullman Leasing Co., etc.

THE SAFETY BOARD of the Federal Railroad Administration, which issues accident reports on the causes of fatalities among railroad employees, "has been inclined toward the easy solution" by attributing the majority of these accidents to employee negligence, says Jim Snyder, national legislative director of the United Transportation Union. He stressed to Safety Board officials his feelings regarding the "slipshod off-hand manner in which these accident reports have attributed negligence as the major, almost total, reason for the accident."

THE DANGEROUS practices of snowmobile enthusiasts is the focal point of CP Rail's 1976 safety program. Last winter, six people were killed and three injured in mishaps between snowmobiles and CP Rail trains, five in the province of Quebec, the sixth in Ontario.

Waynesburg & Washington

THE REMAINS of "Waynie" the Washington & Waynesburg RR., are being placed in mothballs for safekeeping. This means the facilities—which have been unused for years—are being preserved for possible future reactivation.

The mothballing has been ordered because the "Waynie" route is through the heart of coalfields slated to be tapped to help meet the nation's energy needs. The action ends the threat of outright abandonment of the 27-mile rail line through Washington and Greene counties in Pennsylvania.

The Washington & Waynesburg, once a major carrier in Western Pennsylvania's southern reaches, ran its last passenger train in 1929.

The Depression, autos, and the World War II eclipse of the coal industry rendered the W&W defunct. The betting was that old "Waynie" would be wiped off the railroad map when the Federal Railroad Administration began debating which lines should be eliminated.

But a last-munute edict was issued when experts noted that more than five million tons of high-quality coal are being held in reserve for future mining along the W&W right-of-way. If the W&W is put back into operation, the Federal Government would pay 70 percent of the rehabilitation costs with the state and local governments paying the rest. We thank Jim Cerny for this news from the *Pittsburgh Press*.

Meal or Lodging 25 Cents

LIKE THE CROSSING of major highways, the crossing of two railroads would seem to insure a solid future for a town, but this is not always the case. Take the story of Steubenville, a hamlet in Steuben County, Indiana. The town once had high hopes because of the junction of the railroads, but faded into obscurity with the decline of the railroads.

In 1870 the first Iron horse puffed black smoke as she rolled through the county from Fort Wayne to Jackson, Michigan. The line was sold to Lake Shore & Michigan Southern in 1889 and then to the New York Central in 1914. In its most popular years, six passenger trains a day carried visitors back and forth and several freight trains hauled foodstuffs, coal, grain, and cattle along the 97.47-mile run.

In 1893 the Wabash Railroad was built and it crossed the New York Central at the southeastern corner of Steubenville. The Wabash line was built mostly to carry passengers to the Chicago World's Fair. Efforts were made to prevent the east-west railroad from crossing. But late one night, after all the grading work had been finished, the diamond was cut in and the rails were connected. The Wabash depot was located on the southeastern corner of the crossing and the Union depot (NYC) on the northwestern corner.

There were two train wrecks over the years. A Lake Shore gravel train backing up was derailed, with several cars piling up. One man was killed. In 1906, a fast passenger train jumped the tracks and demolished one of the depots. None of the 150 passengers on the train were killed but an engineer who jumped out of the cab was crushed under the engine, No. 13.

Steubenville prospered from the trains. Mrs. Adam Shiley served meals at 25 cents each or at the same price lodging for one night at the same price. Many people had to wait overnight or spend hours waiting to change trains. A horse-drawn buggy met the Lake Shore trains and took passengers to Ashley. Connections were poor between the railroads. For five cents, you could have ridden from Steubenville to Pleasant Lake.

Three little Japanese ladies with big hats on narrow-gage line in Nippon in 1960.
Collection of Harry P. Albrecht, 40 Wilton Ave., Clifton Heights, Pa. 19108

In about 1904 Teddy Roosevelt gave a short speech from the rear platform of the Lake Shore at Steubenville. Circus time also was exciting. In exchange for posting handbills and posters on buildings facing the railroad, the owners would receive free passes. Salesmen, known as drummers because they drummed up trade, traveled by rail, often with trunks full of samples. The trunks had to be transferred from one depot to another. Lloyd Hochkiss had the job for many years, as did Nathaniel Cook. The men used a two-wheeled cart until only one depot was used.

The depot was moved to Pleasant Lake in 1935, when the signal tower was torn down and replaced by an automatic signal operation. Since 1958, there has been no NYC service between Waterloo and Pleasant Lake, but even today the Wabash line still carries freight.—Information from Charles Miller, 2132 W. Maumel, Angola, Ind. 46703.

Dogs and Elephants

I FIRST encountered the long-legged, skinny hound dog known as Blue in 1967 while working for the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac at Broad Street Station, Richmond, Va. He was busy pulling trash out of a container on the platform of Track 5. In June, 1969, I came to Acca Yard as a brakeman and a short time thereafter Blue showed up at the north yard shack.

I started feeding him, as did many other railroad men. He disliked breadstuffs, except home-made sour-milk biscuits. Dog food was out. Chicken, ham, and steak were his favorites. On occasion, if a lunch was left unattended on the bench at the yard office, he'd help himself to it. Blue must have felt that any bag of food left there was his.

He'd wait for the changing of the yard crews each shift and he traveled most of the time with the north yard engine. He showed up at the darnedest places and times, such as in the middle of the mainline with a passenger train coming, standing in the middle of the driveway. A bed made for him under the new expressway bridge in the north yard kept him from sleeping on the yard tracks.

Blue took sick and was found dead last May 27th beside the south yard creek. We laid him to rest north of the yard office on the hill where he had spent much of his "off" time. A grave marker bears his name. His railroad friends still miss him.—A.H. Boykin in *RF&P Railgram.*

(Note from Freeman Hubbard: We are reprinting this item because many readers like dogs. The longest chapter in *Railroad Avenue,* which sold over 50,000 copies, is entitled "Raildogs." But Stewart Holbrook, whose full-page review of my book appeared in the old *N.Y. Herald Tribune,* told me that this chapter was the only one he didn't read, the reason being he never cared for dogs.)

P.T. BARNUM'S Jumbo was hit and killed by Grand Trunk freight engine 88 at St. Thomas, Ont., Canada, on Oct. 15, 1888, two years after GT freights were equipped with air brakes. Wild elephants have met a similar fate by locomotives in African jungles. A number of elephants, while not killed directly by locomotives, perished in circus-train wrecks. And in 1916 a Sparks Bros. Circus elephant named Mary ran amok and fatally injured three trainers. For that reason she was executed legally by a Clinchfield Railroad crew at Erwin, Tenn. A derrick car swung the huge beast aloft by her neck and held

Australian trackside grave of "Our Dog Jerry" on Victorian Government Railways' old 30″-gage road that ran to Gembrook.

her up until she was pronounced dead. Because of her ponderous weight, death is believed to have been instantaneous.

Some time ago you printed an account of the Walter L. Main Circus train wreck at 3:45 a.m. on May 30, 1893 at MacMann's crossing on the Pennsy's Tyrone Division near Van Scoyic, Pa. Two elephant cars coupled just behind the tender were derailed on a curve by the packyderms swaying in their cars, wrecking the entire train and killing all but three of the valuable bulls (as all circus elephants are called). On another occasion an elephant was slain about three miles west of Altoona near Horseshoe Curve, but I don't know the details.—Irving R. Muller, retired PRR employee, Johnstown, Pa. (*Ed. note:* Who can supply details?)

An Odd Bit of History

OFFICIALS of Watertown, Wisc., back in 1853 had a problem somewhat like New York City has today—

Canadian Pacific 136 at Clupman, New Brunswick, Canada, coaling station years ago. Photograph by David Plowden

whopping debts and not enough money to pay them. But what Watertown did to solve the problem New York City probably would never do: they simply disbanded elected government for ten years. In effect, the mayor and aldermen hid out to avoid bondholders and court judgments.

Watertown, a rail center with a population of 7,500, was one of Wisconsin's largest cities when voters approved an $80,000 bond issue in 1853 to aid the Watertown Railroad Co., the first of several bond issues to aid railroads. Although the deals carried second mortgages on the railroads' property, the mortgages were of little help when the speculators who held the bonds began demanding payment.

By 1878, the city's indebtedness, including principal, interest and court judgments, had reached a whopping $750,000. The entire assessed value of the community was little more than a million dollars. The townspeople were incensed. Repudiation of the bonds became the major political issue.

"I don't care a damn for all the railroads and all the bondholders in the country," an unnamed candidate for mayor said at the time. He was elected.

But not for long, since Watertown's solution left the city virtually without a government as officials sought to escape process servers. This is how it worked: shortly after annual elections in April, the city clerk prepared three sets of documents: the elected officials' qualification papers, documents authorizing essential city services until the next election, and a set of resignations, ready for signature. The elected officials then qualified, authorized needed city operations and resigned. When marshals came to town to serve papers on the officials, they found none.

Today Watertown is a prosperous farming and business community of 15,000 on the mainline of the Milwaukee Road. An

The Harvey girls along the Santa Fe Railway brought a touch of refinement to the "wild and wooly" West. They also brought romance to many a cowboy and rail hand.

Amtrak passenger train stops there daily, and hardly anyone recalls the city's early troubles with railroads and bonds.

This historical story came from Gary I. Jacobs, 6404 Ward Rd., Sanborn, N.Y. 14132, who likes *Railroad Magazine* so much that he has renewed his subscription to run through to September, 1988. That's right, nearly 12 years ahead! He says he likes especially our fiction, true tales, and railfanette pix.

Saga of Harvey Girls

YOU WORKED a split shift seven days a week for six months at $50 a month. Then you got 30 days off, a meal ticket, and a railroad pass back home. A turn-of-the-century sweat shop? Nope. Just a normal tour of duty with the legion of Fred Harvey girls who graced the dining rooms along the Santa Fe system a half-century ago when the great American Southwest was still young.

Mrs. Margaret Long, who now lives along the Louisivlle & Nashville right-of-way a couple of miles outside Carmi, Ill., signed on as a Harvey girl in 1921. Now 72, she looks back on those years as the richest and most rewarding of her life. The Harvey eating houses, as they were known then, had strict requirements for the young women hired to wait on tables in the chain of lunchrooms and dining rooms the firm maintained across the western states.

Mrs. Long recalls: "They wanted totally inexperienced help so they could train them their own way."

And what an apprenticeship it was. By the time a girl graduated from the Harvey on-the-job training classes at La Junta, Colo., or Belen, N.M., she was worthy of working at the White House or for old John D. Rockefeller himself.

"Why, you'd get yelled at if you served a customer a cup of coffee with one drop spilled on the saucer," Mrs. Long proudly declares. "The service was the best—Irish linen, sterling silverware, and crystal goblets. We even served a finger bowl after a half a grapefruit.

"At the end of six weeks' training, the management decided if you were going to make it or not. The girls had to pay for all breakage from their $50 a month pay. So we were real careful. Just a butter dish cost a quarter to replace. We lived in dormitories and had to be indoors by 9 p.m. But sometimes on weekends they held dances for us and we didn't have to sign in until midnight. If you broke the rules, though, you were placed on the next train home."

Mrs. Long worked as a relief waitress from 1921 to 1926 in such far-flung towns as Albuquerque and Santa Fe, N. M.; La Junta and Colorado Springs, Colo.; Las Vegas, Nev., and the Bright Angel Harvey House at the Grand Canyon.

"When Fred Harvey took over the La Fonda Hotel in Santa Fe in 1925, I was one of a crew picked to open the dining room," she recalls. "There were 30 girls from all over the system, all natural blondes and all about 5 foot 4. They really made a pretty sight. No riffraff ever worked for Fred Harvey. When they interviewed us, they even asked about our grandparents. Old Mr. Harvey used to say you had to have above average intelligence to work in his restaurants."

"Wasn't that a lonely life for a 19-year-old girl?" asked Bob Wiedrich, who wrote this story for the *Chicago Tribune*.

"Not really," Mrs. Long replied. "You worked eight hours on a split shift, so there was lots of time to go horseback riding, hiking, or picnicking in that beautiful desert country. You devised your own entertainment. You didn't need somebody to entertain you."

Often during the summer tourist season, in an era when most everyone traveled by rail, four or five sections of the *Super Chief* might be pulling in with trainloads of hungry passengers.

"You had to have everybody fed and back out in 30 minutes," Mrs. Long says. "One waitress could have as many as 28 customers to serve in that time. We had to buy our own uniforms, altho the company paid for our room, board, and laundry. In those days you could buy the best pair of shoes ever for just $5. And tips were good, especially in the dining rooms." •

During two World Wars, Fred Harvey restaurants fed millions of U.S. fighting men.

Above photograph by Peter Fahrenwald. Right by Steve Gordon.

(Top) Roy Arpan talks with an Amtrak passenger service rep aboard inaugural run of *Blue Water Limited.* Our hero at right prepares to tape a segment of *Rail City Special*, heard by railfans in Chicago area, over Station WOJO-FM.

ROY F. ARPAN

Interesting Railfan No. 159

by FREEMAN HUBBARD

HIS RADIO PROGRAM every Sunday evening, *Rail City Special,* sets Roy F. Arpan apart from all other hobbyists. This is the only regularly scheduled, railroad-oriented, radio program we've ever heard of. It is the realization of his long-held desire to merge his professional career as a broadcaster with his hobby.

The first *Rail City* broadcast was made in May, 1974. Since then he has interviewed and tape-recorded for broadcast such men as Paul Reistrup, president of Amtrak; Anthony Haswell, founder of the National Association of Railroad Passengers; Arthur Dubin, railbook author and a director of The Railway & Locomotive Historical Society; Eugene Garfield, president of Auto-Train; Rogers Whitaker; Ross Rowland, founder of the *American Freedom Train;* David Ingles, associate editor of *Trains* magazine, and your editor-author, Freeman Hubbard.

Roy originated and carries on this program. Although broadcast on WOJO at Evanston, Illinois, for the Chicago area, it has a national reputation.

Born at Evanston on July 21, 1942, he was surrounded by railroad influences almost from the cradle. For his first eight years he dwelt in a second-story apartment a few yards from the three-track elevated line of the Chicago & North Western's Milwaukee Division. Just an alley, you might say, separated him from the trains.

In those days the streamlined *400* and steam-powered commuter trains roared and clattered past his bedroom window. Not only that, but beyond the CNW mainline were the Howard Street yards, station, and northern "el" terminus of the old Chicago Rapid Transit (now Chicago Transit Authority) and the point where a shore line of the Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee diverged from the Skokie Valley route.

At the end of the block on which Roy lived was a fabulous playground. From it he could view CNW trains rolling over the North Shore tracks in the Evanston cut of the Skokie Valley Line. Nor was that all. The terminal of the Clark Street trolley route of the Chicago Surface Lines (now CTA) was only a block and a half away from his home.

Roy's mother, Mrs. Beverlee C. Arpan, tells us: "Trains are my son's first love, and one that will live as long as he does. Even if every train on earth were to vanish, he'd still have a wealth of memories, books, timetables, etc., to sustain him. When Roy was a small boy and not playing with the other children, I always knew where to find him—at some old railroad station with wooden benches and a pot-belled stove."

In 1950, when our *Interesting Railfan* was eight years old, his family moved into their own house at Glenview, Illinois, on the Milwaukee Road's mainline. There, instead of yellow-and-green *400s,* he was exposed to the competition, namely, the Milwaukee's orange-and-maroon *Hiawatha*, passing his bedroom window. And in later years, while attending Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, he lived close to the Illinois Central's "Mainline of Mid-America."

Considering all these elements in his early life, you don't need a computer to explain our hero's present zeal for rail

For those riding inaugural run of *Lake Shore Limited* through Erie, Pa., Oct. 28, '75 a good view was seen of new GE P30.

First Photo taken by Roy Arpan with Kodak Brownie shows North Shore combine No. 256 at company's Highwood, Ill., shops.

transit. His mother took part in the "plot" by giving him, at age three, the usual Lionel electric train set. Being somewhat of a railfan herself, she took him on his first rail-photo jaunts. And because his father was a division manager for a Masonite Corp. subsidiary and traveled over the Midwest and in Canada as his territory, Roy often met him in the railroad stations he arrived at or departed from. On rare occasions the lad went along with his sire on such journeys.

And Grandma Arpan would take the young railfan on "el" trains, streetcars, and commuter trains locally or to visit relatives in central Illinois and central Wisconsin. Another "conspirator" in Roy's upbringing was his cousin Patrick F. Householder, who dwelt first in the Midwest and now lives in Washington State.

"From as far back as I can remember," Pat writes, "when I lived next door to Roy in Evanston, he was a railroad nut. As small kids we spent hours drawing pictures of trains, especially interurbans. After we grew older, Roy and I did quite a bit of rail travel. Brightening our high school years were many trips on the North Shore cars and Electroliners. By that time Roy had graduated from his first tinplate set to an intricate layout of North Shore rolling stock and accessories in his Glenview basement. This consumed many dollars and hours, but joyously."

Before Milwaukee's city streetcar system faded into history, the two cousins rode the Wells Street route often, enjoying every clang of the motorman's bell and every creak and groan and rattle, thrilled by the swaying and jerking as the antique cars crossed the spindly old viaduct that spanned the valley. This route parallelled—and in some places ran on—the TMER&L right-of-way.

The first rail photo Roy remembers taking was of North Shore combine No. 256, parked at the company's Highwood Shops one Sunday afternoon. He started, as most of us did in those days, with a Kodak Brownie. Later, he made many pictures of Milwaukee Road streamliners passing his back yard. He also shot dieselized commuter trains, but never—for some inexplicable reason—a steam train in ordinary revenue service. By 1956 all steam had gone from the Milwaukee Road. But occasionally he pedaled his bike for a mile and a half to the North Shore's Glenayre (Glenview) station to shoot Skokie Valley trains.

"My high school at Skokie," he recalls, "was just a couple of blocks from the Oakton Street curve of the North Shore's Skokie Valley route and I remember cutting classes to go out and photograph the heavy steel interurbans and streamlined Electroliners. My first organized fantrip was around 1955. Illini Railroad Club sponsored it over the North Shore Line. Then in 1957 I began making color slides, using my father's 35mm camera in the Twin Cities area, my subjects being trains of the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, CNW, and Milwaukee Road.

"An embarrassing incident happened at Washington, D.C., in 1974. We were waiting to get back on the *Southern Crescent,* on which my friend Greg Behun and I had left our luggage, for a trek to New Orleans and points west. That night our train was operating in two sections. The first section had left for Atlanta, almost on time. The second section, which was ours, was awaiting a connection from Boston, which was running very late.

"Greg and I stood like two fools in a spot to take photos of what we thought would be the switching of a through sleeper to Los Angeles onto our train. Unknown to us, that car already had been coupled onto our section. As we stood on the platform of Union Station we joked about how amusing it would be if, after all this waiting, we were to miss our train. After a while the connection from Boston arrived, a few passengers were transferred to the *Crescent,* and we kept watching for the switching maneuver.

"Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw our train quietly begin to move. We hadn't heard the usual call of 'All aboard!' nor the familiar sound of traps and doors being shut. But the

First run of *American Freedom Train*, March 28, 1975, from Arlington, Va., to Wilmington, Del., with famous No. 1, ex-Reading T-1 2101, hauling train into Washington, D.C. Four days later at Delaware Park, Del., 50,000 watched national dedication of *AFT*.

Photograph by Roy Arpan

train was leaving without us! I looked at Greg; he looked at me. We just couldn't believe what we were seeing. The *Crescent* was pulling out with all our belongings on board, except for the cameras held frozen in our hands! Were our faces red!"

The boys ran up to the Southern passenger agent, who was still standing on the platform, and asked if he would please have the train, already 90 minutes late, held for them at Alexandria, Virginia. After a flurry of questions ("How could you let that happen?"), he agreed, but the train would wait only three minutes. Roy and Greg hopped into a taxi and rode tensely through Washington traffic. They reached Alexandria station just as the *Southern Crescent* was pulling in. So the belated train was not delayed still further by a couple of crazy railfans who had missed it while standing beside it. Once on board, they headed for the bar and calmed their jangled nerves with a stiff drink.

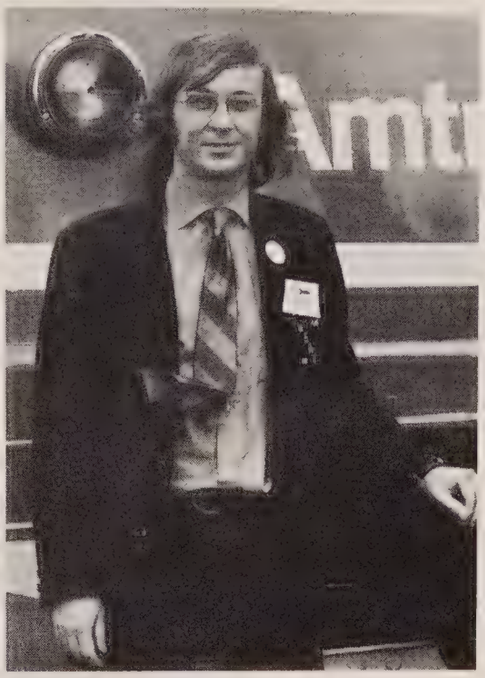
Greg recalls that he and Roy Arpan have been friends since they first met at a 20th Century Railroad Club luncheon in Chicago three years ago. Their friendship was based on an enthusiastic interest in railroading, especially passenger trains.

"Roy is outgoing and open-minded," Gregg tells us, "with a sense of humor that makes him easy to get along with. He envisions a future of revitalized railroads, with scarcely a wistfulglance at the past."

Roy's favorite photo subjects are action shots, especially those framed by trees, signal bridges, or other appropriate surroundings; and he finds night shots dramatic. He also likes human-interest pictures such as people boarding or leaving trains at stations, engine or train crews on the job, and interior views with passengers enjoying dinner or lounge cars, so long as the people aren't too obviously posed.

"There should be a good reason for every person shown in a railroad photo," he says. "Injecting someone who really doesn't belong there is phoney. Each photo should tell a story, no matter how small. Mere roster shots leave me cold. They are too impersonal. I shoot mostly color slides and black-and-whites, with a variety of lenses, including 135mm telephoto, 28mm wide-angle, and my standard 55mm lens with the Pentax camera I currently use."

One view of which Roy has good reason to be proud was shot in northern California. He was traveling with Ted



Roy Arpan at Bloomington, Ill. (before he acquired mustache) at inaugural of Amtrak Chicago-St. Louis run in '73.

Lemen of Chicago aboard the Southern Pacific's *LARBT* priority fast freight from Los Angeles to Portland, Oregon, to get some photos for Trailer Train Co., for which Ted was working at the time. That train had been given the railroad. Only once a red board held it up, and that was because of a stalled train ahead.

"Luckily for us," Roy goes on, "our stopping place was at the foot of Mt. Shasta. The conductor let us leave the train to take photos. He said we could be out for at least ten minutes, but not to go far. The result was a beautiful color slide of the SP freight framed with fir trees and dominated by the snow-capped majesty of the mountain peak and a sunny blue sky."

The first photo Roy ever had published was a b&w of the all-Amtrak refurbished *Broadway Limited* entering Chicago Union Station on May 2, 1972. He had run up to a street overpass south of the station just as the train's lead E-unit was passing beneath. A head-end shot was impossible, but he did get the observation car *Dana* and a few cars ahead of it. *Trains* magazine published the photo.

Physically, Roy Arpan would not stand out in a crowd. He has a rather slim youthful build, is 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs about 140 pounds. His sandy blond hair, slightly tousled, is set off by a bluish-gray eyes and a ruddy complexion. He likes to dress informally.

"I don't even own a suit," he admits, "which is unusual for a man, but I rely on sport coats for formal occasions."

His first paid job was wrapping packages for a clothing store while attending high school. Although he is now 33, he never married nor has any plans to do so, but lives with a black cat named Stanley.

"I prefer freedom," he says, "and like to travel. Last year alone, I logged more than 25,000 miles by rail."

For outdoor recreation he enjoys camping, swimming, and water and snow skiing. But never hunting as a sport. Says he, "I'm too fond of animals to kill or injure any for the sake of enjoyment."

He holds a B.S. degree in Communication from Southern Illinois University, having majored in radio-TV and minored in journalism. While in college, he worked at the campus radio stations, WSIU FM and TV, as well as part time for area commercial stations WCIL and WRAJ.

"For a while," he tells us, "my interest in broadcasting eclipsed even my railroad hobby, but every time a railroad story came into the news I gave it a better play than it probably would have gotten from someone else."

After leaving college he was employed as an announcer or disk jockey for top-40 music formated stations in Bloomington and Springfield, Illinois, WJBC and WCVS respectively, and on WJPS at Evansville, Indiana, before returning to his home town of Evanston in late 1969 to announce for WEAW-AM and WOJO-FM.

During the late 1960s his railroad interest was rekindled by the news of an alarming number of passenger-train discontinuances. On a cold January 23, 1970, he witnessed the last departure of the Milwaukee Road's *Afternoon Hiawatha* from Glenview on its final run

began at Minneapolis and ended in Chicago.

"To me," he recalls, "that train had seemed indestructible, like the Pyramids or the Rock of Gibraltar. But now it was gone! The sky had fallen and in the process awoke me. I watched closely the shaping of Railpax and Amtrak, I went out and photographed many name-trains that were still ridable before Amtrak took over."

Roy belongs to the 20th Century Railroad Club, Northwestern Illinois Chapter of NRHS, the National Assn. of Timetable Collectors, and NARP. Until the late 1950s he was a member of the Central Electric Railfans Association, but dropped out. He joined the 20th Century Railroad Club in January, 1972, because it was young, progressive, and passenger-oriented. Becoming deeply involved in the club, he contributed fact articles and photos to its monthly journal, the *Fast Mail,* and became a vice president of it.

"One day," he tells us, "I brought up the possibility of a rail-motivated radio program to be broadcast regularly on the FM station I worked for, WOJO. The members approved and so, on behalf of the club, I approached the radio station management with an offer to buy 30 minutes of time each week. The club would purchase the time at a flat rate and through the sale of commercial sponsorships would pay the radio stations. This, in the broadcast industry, is 'time brokering.'

"In broadcasting *Rail City Special* my first guest was Melvin Clemens, Auto-Train's vice president, and our first sponsors were Kalmbach Publishing Co. and Amtrak. Our present broadcasting time is 7 to 7:30 p.m. every Sunday. Besides interviewing persons well-known in the rail field, I broadcast railroad news, local club announcements, quizzes, and occasional sound effects, book reviews, and editorials."

In preparing the programs, Roy has ridden trains, engine cabs, and private railroad cars. He has taken his listeners inside Illinois Central Gulf's automated commuter operations center and into Santa Fe's Corwith freight yards in Chicago, plus various Midwestern rail museums. It is basically a one-man show, although our *Interesting Railfan* gets lots of help and encouragement from club members and other listeners.

"For each 30-minute broadcast," he says, "I average eight hours of preparation. This includes setting up and tape-recording interviews, then splicing and editing them for airplay. Also contacting sponsors, writing and recording commercials, gathering and writing rail news, and so on. The only pay I get is as a regular employe of WOJO—nothing additional for producing *Rail City Special.* For me the railroad program is a labor of love."

Unfortunately, revenue from the commercials does not pay the entire cost of the program, so the club has to make up the difference, which it does through the generosity of members. Deadlines constantly stare Roy in the face, as they do to the *Railroad Magazine* staff.

The following comment comes from Peter Fahrenwald, vice president of the 20th Century Railroad Club: "Roy was the first person to become an officer of this club, except for the three original founders, Jim Coston, Bill Fahrenwald, and myself. He seems always to have in his head some idea to promote the club and will help to make it work.

To assist in keeping fit, he eats sensibly and takes high-potency vitamin supplements daily. He eats a wide variety of foods, admits being a "lousy housekeeper" and a nail-biter. He says one of his biggest mistakes was to trade away several hundred public and employee timetables—a collection dating back to the early 1950s—for a lot of insignificant radio junk.

"What I wouldn't do to have those timetables back!" he moans. "Another bad mistake of mine was making some rather unfortunate utterances before a microphone that I thought had been turned off but wasn't."

Pix the walls of his Chicago apartment include prints by Gil Reid, Howard Fogg, posters, watercolors, lithographs, and so on. He has nearly two-score railroad books, dealing mainly with passenger trains, also CERA *Bulletins,* timetables, *Official Guides,* etc. A modest but useful collection.

"Roy Arpan's passion for railroading is evident in almost everything he does," writes Wayne D. Eirich, WOJO radio announcer/engineer. "Every day he arrives for work loaded down with railroad books, magazines, and timetables. When I need information on train schedules or fares, I never call Amtrak; I just consult him.

"When Roy is taping a program he lets nothing interfere with him. He is the only person I know who can sit and listen for a long time to an album of nothing but steam locomotive sound effects. He will take more than an hour to ride a Chicago elevated train to work, even in the dead of winter, when he could drive there in thirty minutes." •

Photograph by Roy Arpan

Espee's 449 just after arrival at General Motor's EMD plant at La Grange, Ill., in July, 1975. Plant workers completely ignore EMD's new experimental juice engine.

SIERRA STORM

by Peter Josserand

This is the way Blairsden, California looked on the Western Pacific when No. 18 plowed through there the morning of Jan. 12th.
Photograph by Norman Roberts

HIGH WIND and rain. Plenty of it. That's how it began. Three inches of rain in one day, January 11, 1952, driven to a frenzy by winds of 70 miles an hour; and I was chief dispatcher on the Western Pacific at Sacramento.

We had been having unusually heavy weather ever since the Christmas holidays. A storm of considerable intensity had broken on the 10th, but the weather man said the one we got the next day was new. On top of that, we'd had a couple of earthquakes, not long before, the last one a fairly stiff jolt, and for a while all trains had been stopped until maintenance forces could patrol the tracks.

In Sacramento that day all we got was rain, but up in the mountains, in the snow belt where moisture-laden winds from the Pacific strike the high Sierras, a blizzard was building up. The Sierras are notorious for their vicious, quick-striking storms, with snow sometimes piling up at the rate of a foot an hour. This one wasn't quick, but was vicious enough to make up for it.

I'd worked on the Western Pacific since before the rotary plows were sent into action for the first time, and I thought I'd seen about the worst the Mountain had to offer. Feather River Canyon is a 100-mile gash in the mountains through which the main line curves northeast between Oroville and Portola toward Salt Lake City. When oldtimers talked about snows eight to ten feet deep on our line between Portola and Keddie, where the North Line runs off to Bieber, I always figured time and imagination had piled on a little extra. I was wrong. What was building up was the worst storm since 1890, nearly a generation before the Western Pacific hauled its first train of revenue freight.

That night my wife and I went back to the dispatcher's office. At that time Grayce was my stenographer in the night chief's job. We made the rounds for a first-hand survey of conditions on the railroad. Since 2:30 that afternoon rock slides had been coming down in the lower Canyon with irritating regularity. So far all of these had been cleared.

During the day, however, the snow line had dropped to about 1000 feet, the first time I had ever known it to happen. Heavy snow rarely falls below 2500 feet, and usually below 2000 you get rain. But this was no normal snow. While the blizzard tended to stop rock slides, it increased the danger of snow slides. One had already come down at

Rich Bar, the next station beyond Belden.

"How does it look?" Grayce asked me.

"No worse than I expected," I told her. "Number 18, the eastbound *Zephyr,* is standing at Belden waiting for the Keddie rotary to punch a hole through the snow slide at Rich Bar. Otherwise the main line is open. But I'm afraid we're going to lose the North Line. Eight feet of snow at Norvell now."

Just then the outside door opened, and in walked tall, wiry Tom Hunter, road foreman of engines from Stockton, a pair of arctics in one hand and a greatcoat slung over his arm.

"The boss says I should catch the Keddie rotary at Oroville Yard," Tom announced, "and go up and plow a little snow."

"A lot more than a little," I said, tossing him a weather report.

"Heavy snow above two thousand, rain below; gale winds in the passes," he read aloud. "Oh, well, it can't be any worse than we've seen in the past. I'm driving to Oroville." He gathered up his gear.

"No rush, Tom," I said. "The rotary isn't down to the slide at Rich Bar yet. Number 18 is still sitting at Belden."

"What happened to her?"

"Rock slides. Your compatriot, Norman Roberts, is having a rough trip. Slides stopped them between Berry Creek and David. Before that was cleared, one came in at Merlin. Boss made them take water on the cars at Pulga; and a good thing, looks like. Before the first slide was cleared at Merlin, another one came in. When it was finally cleared and Number 18 started moving, one of the crew on the work train discovered a flat wheel on one of the *Zephyr* cars. They couldn't set the car out because there was no room on the train for the passengers, so they limped over to Belden. Norman is down on his back in the snow right now with a ball-and-pean hammer and a cold-chisel trying to smooth up the wheels enough to get into Portola."

"Such is the life of a road foreman of engines, Pete." He pushed open the door and left.

"See you in the spring," I shot at his departing back, jokingly, but it came close to being a prediction. He didn't return until February.

THE KEDDIE ROTARY finally punched a hole through the Rich Bar slide and plowed its way into Belden at 2:15 a.m., releasing the *Zephyr.* Then it moved on west toward Camp Rodgers. Norman had done a good job of smoothing up the flat wheels on the *Zephyr* car, and there was no longer any danger of derailment. We had a freight diesel with a snowplow on front called at Keddie to doublehead the *Zephyr* into Portola, since the snow was real deep.

Just before Number 18 arrived at Keddie, all our wires went out, and the dispatcher lost the traffic control system between Pulga and Portola.

High on the mountain above the Camp Rodgers siding is a bare spot where snow cannot cling. Trees and brush on the slopes below hold it up. No trouble had broken out there since 1937, when unusually heavy snow proved too much for the growth below. Then, the slide had cleaned off the lower slopes, hitting a train and turning over the engine and several cars. Since 1937, however, the new growth on the lower slopes had held back normal snowfall. We'd been expecting trouble there if the snow-line stayed low. But nothing like what we got.

The main track and siding at Camp Rodgers lie on a shelf blasted out of the mountainside, with the pole line hanging below the tracks on the river side. When the growth on the lower slopes gave way, the slide came down, taking out ten spans of wires. Most of it went over the tracks and on into the river, but there was still plenty left on the tracks—a deposit 800 feet long, 150 feet wide, and 35 feet deep, an estimated 155,000 cubic yards of snow, dirt, brush, rock, and trees.

Roadmaster Chet Barry figured on two days to clear the siding for trains to pass, but his figures didn't take into account the weather. Unfortunately, the slide came down just after the rotary had passed, blocking it from returning to the heavy snow country.

Nothing short of big bulldozers could handle the mess with any speed. The highway was almost blocked with snow. Getting the dozers there in the storm was slow and hazardous. Besides, there were maintenance forces to round up, line gangs, signal crews, extra gangs; and with our crippled communications it was no easy task.

When Number 18 had picked up the helper engine and was ready to leave, Superintendent Curtis called long-distance from Keddie. I told him there were no trains between Keddie and Portola and none would be permitted to enter until the *Zephyr* was at Portola. Road foreman Norman Roberts would be strictly "on his own" after he left Keddie. We had lost the traffic control, and the dispatcher's phone was out.

"There were times when I wasn't sure we'd make it," Norman told me later. "The rotary had cut a ditch which was filled with new snow. You could see that snow moving in the ditch for fifty yards ahead of the plow and we had to pour on the power to keep from stalling. Then the snow would seem to explode, and the train would lurch ahead into a solid wall of it."

Number 18 arrived at Portola at 10:05 a.m. having lost sixteen hours on its schedule between Oroville and Portola.

With the slide down at Camp Rodgers, the *Zephyrs* were lined up to detour over the Southern Pacific, via Donner Summit, until our track could be reopened. All freight movements were stopped. To keep the yards from becoming completely blocked, trains were moved out of them and set on sidings.

SUPERINTENDENT CURTIS arranged with the Eastern Division to turn their Portola rotary over to us until we could extricate the Keddie machine from behind the slide. They were plowing out Portola Yard at the time and promised to turn the rotary over to Norman Roberts as soon as they'd finished. There had been relatively light snow east of Portola. This could be handled with snowplow engines, or so it was thought.

When Norman started trying to assemble the outfit cars to go with the rotary, he found most of them snowed in. With six feet of snow on the level at Portola, the digging wasn't easy. The wind had increased to 80 miles an hour, and the snow blew in almost

faster than they could dig. They got out the cook car and some of the bunk cars, but the wind kept getting stronger and the snow heavier, and the extra oil and water cars just could not be gotten out of the track. But they kept trying. A rotary without complete equipment to make it self-sustaining often gets into trouble in a storm.

Then the weather man said this storm was a big joke, he had the real McCoy coming up the next day, the 13th, and they decided to run the Portola rotary bob-tailed, in the hope of getting it through to Keddie.

But the big storm hit before they got the chance. Winds howled at 100 miles an hour with heavier snow. It took them all day to assemble the abbreviated rotary train. The crews were finally called on duty at 10:30 p.m. and got out at 1:00 a.m. on the 14th, the rotary plow ahead and a snowplow engine dangling behind the caboose, just in case they had to back up. The drifts were mountainous. By the time they got to Clio, seven and one-half miles from Portola, the rotary had run out of water. It was three and a half miles to Blairsden, the first water tank. So they had to go back to Portola. Somehow they had to get the rest of the equipment.

But the storm had increased in intensity now to where there was no hope of beating it. Norman told me that he'd seen four men trying to throw one switch. Two of them were sweeping out the snow from between the points, the others attempting to throw the switch before the snow got in again. It took them two and a half hours to get that switch thrown. The turntable pit filled up as fast as it could be shoveled out.

Meanwhile; down at Camp Rodgers, the work of clearing the slide had slowed to a snail's pace.

"I was never so cold and miserable in my life," division engineer Elliott told me. "That snow-filled wind tears your face like a sand blast, and you can't see a damn thing. The snow was building up above us on the mountain, and there wasn't much to hold it. Any minute it might turn loose and bury us."

POWER LINES, telephone lines, houses, trees, and everything else toppled down before the storm. The huge elms for which Sacramento is famous fell over, some of them crushing houses. Our office lights went out. Instantly we were reduced to confusion. The dispatchers ran around, striking matches and looking for earphones. With the power off, the loudspeakers wouldn't work. At length the janitor and I located some oil lamps in the basement, but it was several more hours before my wife managed to talk the Utility people into giving us some power.

Such reports as reached us now from the mountains were bad. Food, fuel, and medical supplies were running low, houses collapsing from the weight of snow. People couldn't travel afoot, even on snowshoes. Highways were blocked. Planes could not fly. The railroads were temporarily out of business. Southern Pacific closed down. Our own *Zephyr* trains detoured over the Santa Fe Railway south to Barstow, and then over the Union Pacific to Salt Lake City.

The morning of the 15th brought a lull in the storm. Snow continued to fall, but the wind dropped to a mere breeze. Men poked their heads out of holes and set forth with hope of getting something done.

Prospects were good for getting the Keddie rotary past Camp Rodgers that day, and as had promised, bulldozers cleared the siding for it to move through. But just as everything was in the clear for the movement, the snow above turned loose! Ten more minutes, and the rotary would have got by.

When the avalanche roar subsided, from beneath the new slide came the eerie sound of a bulldozer chugging away. Apparently the driver had been buried! Men rushed frantically to try to dig him out. About that time, he came running from the cook car, having heard the slide. He had gone to get something to eat just before it came in. Thirty hours later when they dug out the dozer, it was still chugging away.

Crippled by the loss of the dozier, the rotary was brought up to assist. Bulldozers shoved off the top of the slide, which was almost pure snow, and the rotary was to plow off the balance. But the dozers had so packed the snow, running over the top of it, that, when the rotary hit it, the machine reared up, snapping an axle!

Shopmen quickly turned another axle in the Sacramento shops and rushed it to Oroville Yard, to be taken to Camp Rodgers on the big hook, which was needed to lift the rotary.

Up at Portola, it took all the day of the 15th to dig out the needed rotary equipment. Finally the plow got out of there around four a.m. on the 16th. They plowed out of the yard through snow nine feet deep on the level and into Keddie at 12:30 a.m. the morning of the 17th, continuing on west.

A 100-mile-an-hour wind, so full of snow that it looked solid, turned some of the simplest jobs into undertakings of great magnitude.

The going was slow, for they had to probe the slides west of Keddie for rocks before hitting them, by order of General Manager Munson, who was taking no chances on wrecking a rotary at this stage. The probing paid off at Rich Bar when they found a snow slide full of rocks, and were turned back toward Portola.

Shortly after midnight, on the morning of the 18th, the siding at Camp Rodgers was again cleared, and the plow got by this time. A bulldozer was sent to clear the rock slide at Rich Bar. When Tom Hunter finally got to Keddie with his rotary, it was put on the North Line. Norman Roberts plowed into Portola at 8:55 P.M. on the 18th, clearing the line for business through the Canyon, for the first time in a week.

It was four more days before the North Line was open. The Great Northern gave us a snow dozer at Bieber, and this was used to plow out from Bieber to Lodgepole. Tom Hunter and his rotary averaged less than a mile an hour between Keddie and Lodgepole. That wasn't bad time considering the snow was seventeen feet deep on the level at Norvell.

"That was a rough journey," Tom told me. "Men take an awful beating on a job like that, and we were all half dead when we got to where we could see clear track ahead. Just a few more yards, and we'd have the job done. I looked down and discovered we were derailed and plowing out across country. The head end was eight feet away from the track. That was the toughest rerailing job of all—just when we were almost through." •

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

Ex-Biddeford & Saco 31 makes a sneak-preview revenue run at Seashore Trolley Museum, Kennebunkport, Me., last Sept. with crew of Charles Seaward and Dick Perkins, Sr.

Photograph by R. T. Lane, Jr.

MEMBERS' DAY at Seashore Trolley Museum, Kennebunkport, Maine, last fall was a notable event for they saw the restoration and return to service of the first trolley to be saved for preservation by an operating museum. In 1939, four young fans, later to become founders of the museum, took ownership of Biddeford & Saco R.R. open car 31, which started the world-wide volunteer museum movement. The 31, needing complete overhaul, had been out of service for some years. With the work finished and the car gleaming in crimson paint, it came back into service for the special occasion with the four members who saved it some 36 years ago, Theodore Santarelli de Brasch, Gerald Cunningham, Charles Brown, and John Amlaw, riding the head end. This was their first appearance together in many years. Without a doubt the cheers were as much for them as for 31.

TANDY Corporation, owner of the trolley line at Ft. Worth, Texas, has announced plans to construct a multi-level shopping and high-rise office complex adjacent to Dillard's (formerly Leonard's) department store, with plans for the rail line to connect the new facility with the present outlying 5000-space parking area along the Trinity River, a half-mile away. Opened in 1963, the 0.7-mile line served by 5 former Washington, D.C., streetcars, has been a tremendous success. According to Texas Assn. for Public Transportation, the success of the subway-surface rail line continues to confound pro-highway rail critics who claim that Texas has only population density for rubber-tired transit vehicles.

Unfortunately, this line has been obscured by its own success! Quietly and smoothly doing its job it hasn't been beset by the technical snafus of BART in San Francisco, or the cost overrun of Washington, D.C.'s Metro. In its first four years it brought Leonard's store an increase of 20.8% in sales. Yet plans of the City of Ft. Worth to acquire and expand the line have been stalled, reportedly because of local pressure from highway-oriented factions and anti-rail attitudes by some Federal sources. All of this notwithstanding, the line carries over 25,000 riders daily. The Associated Press in 1972 quoted Ft. Worth's city planning director as saying that the subway kept that end of the downtown area alive. The northend of Ft. Worth would have folded long ago if it weren't for the subway.

NEW YORK CITY's Transit Authority is going ahead with a $214 million order for 754 air-conditioned R-46 subway cars despite warnings from the city's Air Resources Department that they might be potentially hazardous. The problem, denied by the TA, is said to have come from a study of the brake shoes on the 350 R-44 cars now in service which have the same brake linings as the new R-46 equipment. Tests are said to have shown that the brake shoes were found to have significant amounts of asbestos and lead, substances known to cause cancer and other diseases. The use of these shoes is said to pose a possibility that particles scraped from them during braking actions might be released into the air and breathed in by passengers.

TA reps say that these brake linings are standard, not only in New York, but on transit lines in Cleveland, Boston, San Francisco, and Toronto, and are being considered for use on the new lines being built in Washington, D.C., and Atlanta. Use of these shoes, says TA, dampens sound, and by reducing wear on the car wheels, provides a smoother ride. They also add that the only problem of airborne lead in the subways is related to dense auto traffic above a particular portion of track, which seems to eminate from auto exhausts using leaded gasoline on the streets above.

CAST steel is winning new attention from mass transit car designers as they shed bulk in an effort to reduce car weight, reports Steel Founders' Society of America. Traditionally the rail car has been made massive to tolerate extremely high impact and tension forces of normal use. Builders have used bulk to accommodate these forces in such major components as sideframes, couplers, and brakes. No longer, the name of the game now is weight reduction. In redesigning the new rapid transit cars from the rail up, designers are relying heavily on the high functional strength and design flexibility of cast steel.

This move to lighter weight is obvious in the almost unprecedented number of new cars major transit authorities have been buying during the past several years. Some of the cars are tailor-made for new systems such as Washington, D.C., and Montreal's Metro, or San Francisco's BART. Others make up new trains on existing lines such as the high speed Metroliners operating between New York and Washington. Still other new cars must be integrated into established subway and surface rapid transit networks. Mass. Bay Transportation Authority, New York City's MTA, Port Authority Trans-Hudson, Southeastern Penna. Transit Authority, and Chicago Transit Authority are among the major buyers.

WHEN the Magee Trolley Museum in Pa., was devastated by a flood in June, '72, we hoped that in time it could be rebuilt and operations continued. The decision of the

(Top) Philadelphia Rapid Transit Co. mail car, which operated on post office contract from 1902 to 1915. (Lower) Interior view of car shows area where men sorted mail.
Collection of Harry P. Albrecht

Magee family, following the death of Harry Magee, not to rebuild the operation, but to liquidate, seemed shortsighted not only to me, but to a great majority of railfans. However, this past September, following heavy rains, Little Fishing Creek, that had run alongside the museum, again flooded the area. We have been told that had the Magee museum tracks been rebuilt they would have meant with the same disasterous results as experienced three years before.

PHOTO of a Yakima Valley interurban car with milk cans in its express door in our Feb. '75 department evoked a response from Carl Wieland, P.O. Box 125, Newark, Del. 19711, noting the car was quite similar to one he saw often during his years at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N.J., during the early 1920s. This was Public Service car No. 1877, the only such big combine of its type on the PS system. He recalls, "A Rutgers classmate lived at Maple Meade on the Cranbury Pike (later Rte. 27), and quite frequently after an afternoon visit I would walk east, through the farmland, to the Milltown-Trenton right-of-way line. Around 5, the 1877 would pick me up on her return trip from Trenton to New Brunswick together with half a dozen filled milk cans. It stopped twice for more cans before leaving the private right-of-way at Milltown. At the Pennsylvania R.R. station loop in New Brunswick, No. 1877 would be met by a local dairy truck which would pick up the milk. It was normal for the entire baggage compartment to be filled with milk cans. The next morning, around 7, No. 1877 made a southbound trip run to Trenton, returning with empty milk cans as well as carrying passengers. It was parked during the day on a side track near the point where the Fast Line cars began using Trenton Transit tracks to reach the center of Trenton.

"Trenton was an interesting place. PSR lines north were standard gage. Lines south were 5'2" gage. Therefore, the Riverside line from Camden used rails one and three to enter Trenton, while the Fast Line and TT cars used rails one and two. This never bothered local people, but outsiders never could figure out what kind of a trolley car used three rails. For more than fifteen years, I have been trying to locate someone who has a negative of that milk can speedster 1877. Public Service Coordinated Transport people tried to locate one and finally did, but it showed the car on dolly trucks prior to being burned up at Passaic Wharf. I'm still looking for one showing her on her old seven days a week job."

TOLEDO, Ohio, residents should be able to ride on No. 313, an ex-Portuguese trolley, through one of their parks sometime this year. The $8,300 car has been purchased by a group of local businessmen for operation this year. As this is being written the trolley remains at the Toledo Overseas Terminal docks in a warehouse awaiting its motor due to arrive in February.

BEGINNING late in January New York's MTA will replace 22 of the Long Island R.R.'s fleet of 80 diesel locos with new equipment purchased from General Motors. The new locos, costing $9.1 million, or $417,000 each, can be used for either passenger or freight service. David L. Yunich, the MTA's chief executive officer, said the full order should be completed by the end of February.

URBAN MASS Transportation Administration has turned down the application of the State of New Jersey and the Port Authority Trans-Hudson (PATH) Corp. to extend the PATH line to Plainfield, N.J. In rejecting the $278 million application UMT Administrator Robert E. Patricelli indicated a level of UMTA funding which New Jersey might receive over the next five years under certain conditions.

The UMTA chief said that the major reason for the turn down was the project's very high capital cost to UMTA for each added transit rider. Capital cost per rider in the PATH plan was higher, by a multiple of more than two, than any other project currently pending before UMTA. Patricelli said that UMTA agreed with the state's objective in attempting to use construction of a new transit line as an element in revitalizing urban areas along the right-of-way, but failed to find the "critical mass" of supporting public and private action which might make that happen.

The Federal agency said the application was rejected, but that the decision was without prejudice to the resubmission of the PATH proposal or of an alternative CNJ commuter rail improvement program at a substantially lower capital cost to UMTA and consistent with a multi-year plan UMTA was calling for.

Sheffield Corp. tramway 354, a 55-year old salt car that was used by the company after snowstorms, shown working Feb. 7, '54, at Hillsborough, Sheffield, England.

P.H. Abell, 4 Chatsworth Rd., Totley, Sheffield S17 3QH, England

New Electric Publications

Texas Electric Album, by Rod Varney and Texas ERA, 96 pages, 8½x11˝, soft cover, $6.50 from Interurbans, P.O. Box 201, Claremont, Calif. 91711. This is a photo album, not a history of the Texas Electric Railway, one of the big interurban systems of the South. Included are many street, right-of-way and yard scenes from photo collections of fans who visited the TE in the years before its demise at the end of 1948. A 1914 technical article on the TE from a 1914 issue of Electric Railway Journal is also reproduced.

Rails Under The Mighty Hudson, the Story of the Hudson Tubes, the Pennsylvania Tunnels and Manhattan Transfer, by Brian J. Cudahy, 80 pages, 6x9˝, hardbound, Stephen Greene Press, $6.95, and available from Railroad Magazine Book Service. Here is the story of the Hudson Tubes now operated by PATH, the Pennsy R.R. tunnel under the Hudson, and the once-famous Manhattan Transfer station located in the New Jersey meadows where connections were made between Pennsylvania steam and electric and Hudson Tube subway trains. The author, an ardent subway-transit enthusiast, hails from Brooklyn, N.Y., and puts much of his own recollections of these services into the historical part of the book. His previous work was The Story of Boston's Subways. Photos, maps and a roster makes this a welcome coverage of the Hudson River rail crossings up to and including the present days of PATH and Amtrak.

The Lightning Route, a story of the Montgomery, Ala., trolley system originally printed in 1936 by the Alabama Power Co. on the occasion of the end of trolley service in Montgomery, has been reprinted in a 32 page booklet in 8½x11˝ size by the North Alabama Railroad Club, P.O. Box 4163, Huntsville, Ala. 35802, $2.50. The Montgomery system opened on March 25, 1886, was one of the very first trolley systems to be built in the U.S. It was built by Charles J. Van Depoele, a Belgian electrical expert of the day. While the system was successful and lasted until 1936, Van Depoele never reaped the public aclaim that Frank Sprague received after his bigger installation in Richmond, Va., in 1888. Four pages of this reprint cover details of the Montgomery power plant construction and operation of the line from issues of The Electrical World, a trade journal, dating 1886-87.

The Forest Glen Trolley and The Early Development of Silver Spring, by Louis N. Markwood, 48 pages, 8½x11˝, National Capital Historical Museum, Box 7082, North Station, Arlington, Va. 22207, $3. This booklet covers the early years of the Silver Spring, Md., area and the trolley line that ran from the town to Forest Glen, later to become part of the Washington Ry. & Elec. Co. There are several old views of the trolleys and even more of buildings and sights along the right-of-way. Those familiar with the area will especially find it of interest.

Lewiston-Clarkston Transit, a short trolley line connecting the two cities whose names it carried, in Washington and Idaho, was the feature illustrated story in the Summer and Fall 1975 issues of Inland Empire Rail Quarterly, published by Inland Empire Railway Historical Society. Copies of the quarterly are $1 from Eric Johnson, 1840 E. 9th Ave., Spokane, Wash. 99202. Little information has been available in the past of this small trolley line that ran only from 1915 to 1929.

Vol. I of Trolley Talk, originally published from 1954-58, has now been reprinted (for the 5th time!). These first 20 issues now are on glossy paper containing 100 pages and many photos. The magazines are primarily devoted to model trolley fans, although there is much of interest in them for all streetcar fans. This reprint volume with soft cover from Wagner Car Co., 59 Euclid, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215, $6.

SEND all transit news direct to Steve Maguire, Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719. •

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH

Southern Pacific brakeman signaling a freight train through the yards. This method was replaced long ago by the radio-telephone and the walkie-talkie. In *The Railroad Caboose*, by Freeman Hubbard and Bill Knapke, detailed accounts are given of the development of the rail lantern from sperm whale oil to modern electric lamps. Copies are still available from our book service.

Southern Pacific Railroad photograph

Sierra R.R. 2-8-2 No. 34 and 2-8-0 No. 28 during film-of United Artist movie *"Bound for Glory"* just west of Warnerville, Calif., Sept. '75.

Brian R. Curnow, 320 Lyons St., Sonora, Calif. 95370

Autumn colors were beautiful at Riviere A Pierre, Que., as CN 6768-6759 hauled St. Lawrence Valley Ry. Society on trip in Sept. '75.

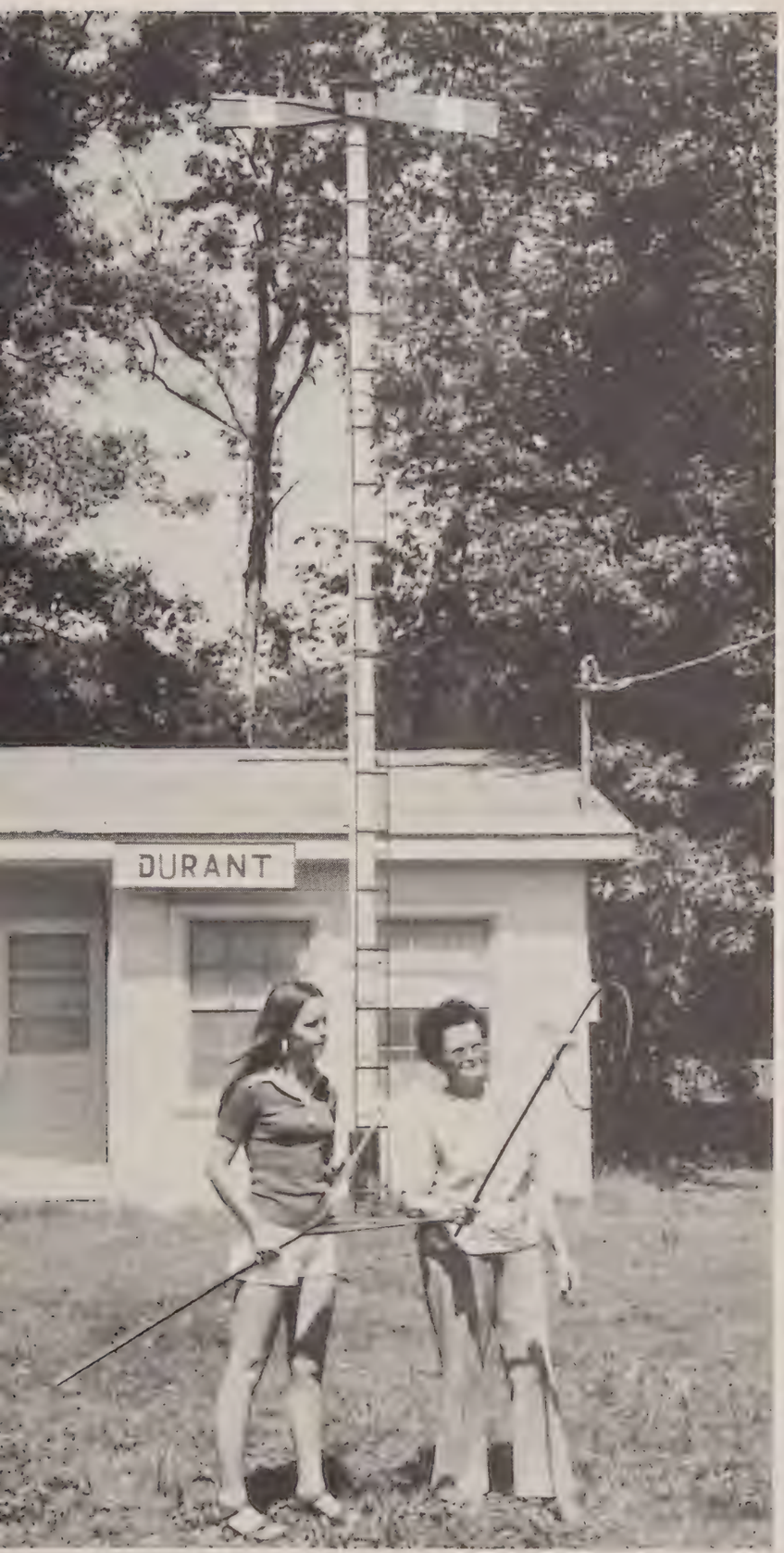
Photograph by Guy Chartrand

Photograph by L.R. Simmons, Santa Fe Railway

A recorded time announcement system utilizing Santa Fe telephone equipment has been installed in Topeka, Kan., office of general clock inspector to insure correct time, 24 hours a day, around rail system.

CP Rail photograph

This is how Canadian Pacific crews handled tunnel template in British Columbia some 22-years ago to prepare 44 district tunnels for rrival of scenic dome cars.



Patti Yarbrough learns from long-time family friend, Mrs. Eva Cusick, how to hand up train orders. Mrs. Cusick worked for 45 years as an agent-operator for SAL and then SCL, after the merger. She was at Durant, Fla., for 37 years, and retired in 1970 when the Durant depot was closed. Mrs. Cusick bought the station and then moved it to her backyard in Brandon, where this photograph was taken in 1975.

Photograph by William T. Morgan

Smoking remains of D&H Binghamton, N.Y., roundhouse destroyed by fire on Oct. 6, '74. Two diesels huddled together give mute evidence of damage done.

John L. Baumgardt, 23 Andrews Ave., Binghamton, N.Y.

D & H
5003

On a sunny day last November, BLS locomotive No. 176, heading three empties, crossed Spiez station under the watchful eye of massive control tower. Though privately-owned, the Bern-Lotschberg-Simplon Ry. is one of Europe's busiest systems.

Jean-Michel Leclercq, Divonne-les-Baines, France

After seeing Ventura County Ry. loco No. 1 on TV commercial, Judy Lane of Port Hueneme, Calif., took a good close-up look.

William T. Morgan, AG2 OPS/MET Code 30, Navsuppfor Antarctica, FPO San Francisco 96601

Dr. Philip R. Hastings, 110 Sunset Rd., Waterloo, Iowa 50701

Canadian Pacific 2-8-0 No. 3518 had just helped a heavy freight up a hill near Barton, Vt., in the dry summer of 1949 when the crew discovered a brush fire and kept it under control with their cab wet-down hose until arrival of the Barton Fire Department.

Rolls of newsprint for export are transferred from Bangor & Aroostook boxcar to sling and hauled aboard ship at Searsport, Me.

Banger & Aroostook Railroad

Cumbres & Toltec Scenic R.R. doubleheader working hard with train from Chama, N.M. (altitude 6,100 ft.) up rugged climb to the top of 10,750-ft. Cumbres Pass on October 25, 1975. From Cumbres road goes over LaManga Pass, through mountain valleys and then drops into the wild and beautiful Toltec Gorge for the narrow-gage C&TS final run across flat lands to Antonito, Colorado.

Bill Simpson, 7086 Jay St., Arvada, Colo. 80003

Photo on 1975 holiday greeting card from one of our "Interesting Railfans."

Virgil C. Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

Cherryl Weil looks over last new steam engine bought by Ferrocariles de Guatemala, Baldwin 2-8-2 No. 206 at Guatemala City in March '75.

Richard Weil, 2689 Alderwood Dr., San Jose, Calif. 95132

Through the arched passageways of the graceful old Santa Fe depot at Raton, N.M., passed many thousands of passengers who rode such luxury trains as the *Grand Canyon Limited*, the *Chief*, and the *California Limited*. The last-named often ran from Los Angeles, and Chicago, in as many as seven sections! Photographed on October 12, 1975, by Clifton E. Hull, director of the Little Rock, Ark., Chapter of the NRHS.

Canadian Pacific's Kettle Valley Railway freight in Okanagan Valley near Summerland, B.C., many years ago.

Canadian Pacific Railway

Canadian Pacific Railway photograph

A Story to Read to Your Small Children

BEAVERS FLOODED THE TRACK

by Freeman Hubbard

From book, "The Roundhouse Cat and Other Railroad Animals," (c) 1951 by Freeman Hubbard

ONE MILD AUTUMN night as Mr. Thayer, the boss of a track crew on the Canadian Pacific Railway, was fishing in the woods beside the steel rails, he saw a curious sight. There were six little noses sticking up out of the moon-bright water, and each nose made a tiny ripple as it moved upstream.

Mr. Thayer grinned. "I see that Brownie the beaver is taking his family for a swim," he said to himself. "Heigh-ho! Trouble for the railway."

He sat very still and watched. He counted four beaver kittens trailing their father and mother. All six paddled along quietly. They swam with their hind feet, which were webbed like a duck's, and they used their broad flat tails to steer by.

Pretty soon he saw Brownie climb up on the bank near the culvert that carried the stream under the railway track. Mr. Beaver shook the water off his thick brown fur and looked around. Everything was quiet. The young ones began to play water tag, while Mrs. Beaver perched herself on a flat rock and waited.

Mr. Thayer waited, too, hardly daring to breathe. It was fun to watch the little wild creatures go about their business in the moonlight. Brownie walked over to a gleaming white willow tree that grew near the creek. Rearing on his hind legs, he braced himself with his scale-covered tail and held the trunk of a small tree with his front paws.

Mr. Thayer could hear the beaver's strong, sharp teeth nibbling the trunk. They cut a notch through the bark and then another notch about three inches below it. After that they tore out a chunk of wood between the notches. In no time at all the ground was littered with white chips.

And then the tree fell. *Cr-r-ack! Smash!* All six beavers suddenly plopped into the shining water. They were not taking any chances. A fox or some other unfriendly animal might be lurking in the woods nearby and hear the noise. The safest place for a beaver in time of danger is under water.

Mr. Thayer listened. He heard only the night breeze rustling the trees. He smelled pine and wild honeysuckle. By and by Brownie's head poked cautiously above the water. Then the family scrambled out on dry land.

Both drawings by Kurt Wiese

The four beaver kittens played beside the stream, ready to dive in a jiffy if anything went wrong. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver headed for the fallen tree. First they stripped off the branches with their teeth. Then they laid the branches aside so they could use the bark for food and the peeled white sticks for their dam and their house.

Their next job was to cut up the trunk into short lengths. After that they pushed and rolled a log to the water's edge. This was hard work.

Mr. Thayer knew that Brownie and his wife were getting ready to make a dam. He knew that when it was finished there would be a pond at least three feet deep where the beavers would build themselves a home. He only hoped that the pond would not cover the Canadian Pacific Railway track. If it did, Mr. Thayer and his gang of men would have to break the dam to clear the track for passing trains.

The track boss had often seen these beaver houses with their big, dry, single room above the water level and their passageways leading to the bottom of the pond. He knew that Brownie needed his house. He could go in and out of it without being seen by his enemies and in the cold winter he could reach his store of bark and water-plant roots for food even if the water froze nearer the surface.

But as much as Brownie and his family needed their home, they could not be allowed to flood the railway tracks.

Mr. Thayer was so busy thinking about the beavers that he forgot his fishing. Suddenly a shiny fish got caught on his hook. It splashed around wildly. Brownie stopped pushing his log and slapped the water with his broad flat tail. *Ker-flop!* That noise was a warning for his family. "Hide as fast as you can!" it said.

All six beavers dove into the creek. Mr. Thayer sighed. The beavers had found out he was there. He felt sure they would not go back to work until he was gone.

"Well, there's no use staying here any more," the track boss said to himself. "I won't be able to see them build a dam after all."

So he picked up his fishing pole and the single fish he had caught and walked home through the shadowy woods.

The next morning Mr. Thayer fried his fish for breakfast. Then he began his day's work. He and his men *chug-chugged* over the railway line in a motor speed-car to see that the track was safe. But when they came to the creek, they could go no further. The rails were covered by a wide pond that glittered in the warm sunshine.

"A beaver dam!" said one of the men.

Mr. Thayer nodded. "Yes. I saw them starting to build it last night when I was out fishing."

The dam was made of logs, mud, stones, driftwood, and water plants. It plugged up the culvert, forcing the water to flow over the track. It was built strongly.

"It's too bad they did all the work for nothing," said Mr. Thayer, "but we can't let them flood the Canadian Pacific Railway. All right boys, let's clear it away!"

The men put on their hip boots and attacked the dam with long iron pike poles. The job was not easy. But soon they finished. The pond sank into the creek, the water flowed through the culvert beneath the track, and the line was clear again.

"Maybe that will discourage Brownie," said Mr. Thayer.

But Brownie and his family still needed a deep pond in which to build a house for the winter. The only way for them to get such a pond was by making a dam. Brownie had picked the culvert as a good place for a dam, and so that very night he set to work again.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaver cut down more trees with their strong, sharp teeth. They cut up the trunks into short lengths. They rolled and floated the logs. Then they carried loads of stones and mud and water-plants, hugging the stuff close to their chests as they walked on their hind legs, like the old saying "busy as a beaver."

By morning they had built another dam. They were very proud of it. Once more the steel rails and wooden ties were flooded by a pond that glittered in the sunshine. Once more the track gang came along in their speed-car, tore down the dam, and drained off the pond.

"This is too much like work," said the boss of the track crew, wiping the sweat from his face. "We must put a stop to it!"

"But how?" asked one of his men.

"There is a law against killing beavers."

Mr. Thayer grinned. "I wouldn't hurt Brownie or his family. I have always liked the busy little fellows. You know, farmers use scarecrows in their fields to keep the crows away. What we need is a scare-beaver."

"And what kind of contraption is that?"

Mr. Thayer scratched his head. "I remember how the beavers were scared by the noise of a fish splashing in the water on my hook. Now, if we could rig up an alarm clock or something to make a racket, it might do the trick."

"But alarm clocks run down. Suppose the beavers come back after the alarm stops?"

"We must fix up a noise that won't stop," said Mr. Thayer, and he told the gang what to do.

They collected a lot of empty old tin cans and put them in the creek near the culvert. They fastened these cans with wire in such a way that the current would rattle and bang them together all night long.

The boss chuckled. "When Brownie, the beaver, hears this racket, I'll bet he will move his family further on up stream."

But Mr. Thayer guessed wrong. The next morning, when the track gang rode the speed-car, there, glittering in the sunshine, was a brand new pond! It flooded the rails at the same old place. A flock of wild ducks with brown bodies and bright green necks flew up from the pond, honking across the blue sky.

Mr. Thayer groaned. "All right, boys, here we go again!"

Once more they labored with their long iron poles until they cleared out the new dam from the culvert and drained the track of water.

While they were resting, the boss said, "So our tin cans didn't work! Now we must think of something else."

One man suggested, "We could spread a chickenwire fence across the culvert at each end to keep the beavers out."

Mr. Thayer shook his head. "That wouldn't do. They would only build their dam at one end of the culvert instead of inside it."

Another man asked, "Why couldn't we use some bad-smelling stuff like the kind that keeps off mosquitoes or the kind that protects trees and bushes from rabbits and other animals?"

"Maybe we could," said the boss. "It's worth trying, anyhow. We just can't let the beavers stop our fine Canadian Pacific trains."

So the men piled on board the motor speed-car and *chug-chugged* into town. They bought some strong-smelling stuff at the drug store. Then they rode back to the culvert and smeared it on all the trees nearby, a few inches above the roots.

"I hope that works," said Mr. Thayer.

But next morning, it was the same old story! A wide pond glittering in the sunshine covered the railway track. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver were still doing their best to get ready for the winter. Not even the strong-smelling stuff could stop them.

Mr. Thayer knew that if he let the pond stay there, the beavers would build themselves a house and would store a food supply at the bottom of the pond. But no freight or passenger train could run while the track was flooded with a deep pond. So once more the boss told his men to wreck the dam.

After the job was done, he said to them, "Our tin cans were not good and our bad-smelling stuff was not good. Now I have a better idea. Beavers like to work in the darkness. Maybe if we keep a lantern burning all night it will drive them away."

So that night they hung a lighted oil lantern on top of a pole and drove the pole into the creek bed near the culvert. They knew it would swing back and forth during the night, flaring and smoking. They hoped it would keep the beavers from working.

But what do you think happened? The very next morning, when the track gang *chug-chugged* to the creek in their speed-car, they found the steel rails and the wooden ties covered by a new pond! And that wasn't all. The rising water had put out the light and broken the lantern.

Once more the men cleared out the culvert and drained off the pond so the trains could run again. Mr. Thayer was very much annoyed.

"The job of tearing down a new dam every day or two is a nuisance," he said. "Our beaver friends are much too busy. This time I have a real plan to make them move."

"But how?" asked one of his men.

"You will see," said the track boss, smiling.

Mr. Thayer wrote out a report to his own boss, the roadmaster. And the roadmaster took up the matter with other officials of the Canadian Pacific.

By and by the official word came back to Mr. Thayer: "Go ahead with your plan!"

The track boss told his men what to do. That night they quietly set special traps for Brownie's family. These were harmless traps that never hurt any animal. And the next morning, when they *chug-chugged* over to the creek in their speed-car, they found Mr. and Mrs. Beaver and the four beaver kittens caught in the traps. The beavers were crying like children, as beavers do when they are frightened, but not one of them was injured.

"Now don't you worry!" Mr. Thayer spoke to the beavers. "We will take good care of you. We are going to make you very happy."

The track men put all six beavers into one big cage. Then they loaded the cage on their speed-car and rode into town with it. Then they found a Canadian Pacific airplane waiting. Mr. Thayer got on board the plane, lugging the cage with him.

Pretty soon the plane took off. It swooped through the blue sky like an eagle, over wheat fields and forests and lakes. Finally it landed at a lonely spot beside a winding creek. Mr. Thayer stepped out and set his cage on the ground.

"Now," he told the beavers, "you can build a dam and a house for the winter and nobody will disturb you. The railway track is a hundred miles away."

With that, he opened the cage door. All six beavers tumbled out. They raced toward the creek, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" the whole family plopped into the clear shining water.

Mr. Thayer chuckled. Then he picked up the empty cage, climbed aboard the airplane, and went back to his job of bossing the track gang. The Canadian Pacific Railway line would not be flooded now, and Brownie and his family would soon have a snug house for winter. •

BEANERY QUEEN

by Jack McLarn

MATT HALE'S feet made hollow sounds on the dusty sidewalk that morning as he strode across the Hickorydale yard for breakfast. The young enginehouse clerk was fit to be tied. His boss, "Big Tim" O'Connell, had recently dug up an old rule which made it impossible for Matt to complete his qualifying trips as a fireman.

Twenty more pounds of weight would have done the trick. Only twenty pounds! That was what he needed to break away from a pencil-pushing job and ride the cab of an 1800-class switcher. But you couldn't bail the black diamonds into a firebox on the SG&A unless you had plenty of beef.

There was, of course, an alternative. You could play up to a brass collar and maybe, as a result, line up a better berth. That technique was white-whiskered with age. Nevertheless, Matt toyed with the idea. In fact, he'd been putting in hours of extra work as a personal favor to the debonair trainmaster, Bert Carney, doing jobs that Carney himself should have done.

As he headed for the Selatchie Inn, a railroad cafe that faced the roundhouse just beyond the right-of-way fence, Matt was uneasy. How could he find the words to tell Sally Norton, the dreamy-eyed beanery queen, why he'd failed to keep a date with her the night before?

He wasn't too sure about Sally. No one was. All of the single crewmen on the Selatchie Division were making a play for her, and she kept them all guessing. The gal was well developed fore and aft. Her hair was chestnut-colored, she flashed a bewitching smile, and she had the kind of arms that any man would love to have wrapped around him in a cozy little apartment. Matt felt like a heel for having stood her up.

It was late August, the season for cloudbursts and flash floods. The enginehouse clerk looked down at the yellow Selatchie River, about ten feet below rail level. It seemed peaceful enough right now, hemmed in by the nearby hills; but Matt couldn't be certain, for early morning fog shut off a clear view of the swirling water.

As he passed the roundhouse, the roar of smoke blowers muffled the purr of four shiny new diesel-electrics just in from the east. Matt glared resentfully. He knew that the acrid black clouds erupting from the roundhouse jacket represented the only two steam engines left on the division. If it hadn't been for his being underweight, he'd be firing one of them right now.

He entered the Inn, climbed onto a well-worn stool behind the coffee urn, and watched the beautiful Sally bustle about from one customer to another, dishing out food and wisecracks.

Sally Norton could have been a perfect artist's model, clothed or unclothed, if she had wanted to be. Five feet four she was, a trim figure that curved neatly at just the right places. Her violet-blue eyes were brimming with laughter, her lips full and saucy.

Matt awaited his turn at the counter. It would be mighty nice, he reflected, to be Sally's only customer for the rest of his life; but he thought ruefully of the hoggers, fireboys, and brakemen who entertained the same idea and were pulling down more pay than a clerk.

He was staring absent-mindedly at the mustard jar when Sally spotted him and came over.

"So it's you," she greeted. Her eyes were frosty now and the smile died on her lips. "Where were you last night?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, dear. Mr. Carney wanted a diesel schedule set up and I had to work overtime."

"Had to?" Her tone was caustic.

"I said I was sorry. I couldn't even get to a phone. But I'll make up for it tonight. How about you and me going to a movie show? Clark Gable—"

It wasn't one of Matt's duties to figure out how to send the fleet of sleek black-and-gold locomotives over a three-thousand-mile schedule and get them back to Somerset for maintenance when it was due, but Matt had done that job on his own time. Done it to please the trainmaster. Bert Carney was one of the chosen people; he spoke the language of the high brass. A word from him could be a great help. These thoughts were running through Matt's mind.

Instead of answering his question, Sally asked: "Do you want the usual?"

Matt nodded. "Yeah, honey, but what about a date tonight?"

"Skip it!"

She flounced away and slammed a skillet on her hot-plate. Then she came back bristling.

"When I went to school, Matthew Hale," she said, "we used to call boys like you apple-polishers."

Matt winced. A moment later the T.M. swung his powerful, well-groomed body onto the next stool and boomed, "Hello, Hale!"

The enginehouse clerk forced a grin. "Hiya, Mr. Carney!"

"Looking for you," the brass collar went on. "That diesel stretch thing you did. Fair job. Guess it'll do. Thanks again."

Sally deftly laid a tray full of breakfast on the counter in front of Matt, barely glanced at him, and beamed on Bert Carney.

"Hi, bigshot! How do you want your eggs this time?"

The trainmaster smiled. "Cheese omelet. But what I really want is a date. You and me—Spring City—pick you up tonight at six-thirty?"

"Well," she demurred, "I sorta have a date with Matt here."

"Oh, Matt won't mind. Besides, he's got another date for tonight—with a seniority roster."

"Wait a minute!" the clerk cut in sourly. "A seniority roster is a big office job. I—"

Carney shrugged. "Okay, Hale. If that's how you feel about it, I can always get the job done at Somerset. But I thought you'd like to show the world what a personnel man is."

Matt gulped. He realized that a seniority roster, prepared expertly, could win favorable comment from the higher-ups. And he needed recognition to get ahead on the SG&A.

While he was hesitating, Sally's voice cut in: "Okay, Bert, I've just remembered that I *don't* have a date. And six-thirty is fine." She turned to Matt. "Your check is a dollar ten, junior!"

The clerk miserably laid that sum on the counter and added a tip. Then he followed the trainmaster out of the beanery. Vainly he sought consolation in the thought that he was working toward a position where he could eventually ask the pretty waitress for her hand in marriage.

BACK in the enginehouse office, Matt slumped down in his rickety chair and reached for the register sheets. A mass of routine faced him. There would be time tickets to check, work reports to match and file, crew men to be routed out of bed, telephone calls to answer, and a dozen other tasks. As usual, the radio loudspeaker above his scarred desk was crackling with talk from road men within a twenty-five-mile radius of him. Matt rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

At eleven a.m. Tim O'Connell, the general foreman at Hickorydale engine-house, lumbered into the office and asked, "How's things?"

"Okay," said the clerk. "Four-unit job left at nine forty-seven. Another four-unit due in at two-thirty. The 1801's fired up for the three o'clock switcher. The 1800's due for hydrostatic tomorrow." He riffled through the log sheets. "Jughead Torrence's got a new baby, a girl this time."

The big-bodied foreman hoisted a leg onto a corner of the desk. "Talk sure gets around, such as you puttin' in a lot of free time for Carney. It don't make sense to me, unless—"

"I have my own reasons for what I do," Matt said curtly.

He gazed idly out of the window at the steep incline of the rail-chute track. Already the blackened chute was stencilled with the cryptic cross-and-circle that meant it wouldn't be needed in the modern diesel age.

Maybe before long Matt Hale might not be needed, either. The thought was disquieting. Likely he was making a smart move, getting in solid with Carney, much as it burned him up to do so. And as for Sally—in time he'd get her to see it his way, or at least he hoped so.

"I just got a flash," Big Tim said shrewdly. "There's a new job comin' up. Student trainmaster."

Matt whirled around. What a break! He had the experience for such a job and he knew the division. All he needed was a word from Carney. Here's where the apple-polishing pays off, he told himself.

"I've got a call to make," he said aloud. "Would you mind watching the office for me a coupla minutes, Mr. O'Connell?"

The foreman agreed, and Matt darted outside. The sun was hot on his face as he dog-trotted across the yard, but he observed dark clouds piling up to the north.

At the telegraph office the day operator hailed him. "Telescratch for Mr. Carney. Take it along, will you?"

Matt snatched the clip from him and scurried up the stairs. He glanced at the message. It had come from Somerset and was signed "Walt Payne, Supt." Matt read the words: "Diesel study excellent. Have sent your name to GMQ."

For a moment the enginehouse clerk frowned and stood uncertainly in the hall. Then he shoved open Carney's door. The trainmaster looked up from a crossword puzzle.

"Oh, hello, Hale!" he greeted. "Got that roster done already?"

Matt dropped the yellow sheet on the desk and steeled his voice. "Just heard from sandhouse gossip, there's a new job coming up that I could handle. Can I count on your recommendation?"

"Where did you get that news?" Carney asked, but even as he spoke the trainmaster must have been aware that nobody told where sandhouse talk came from.

"I think I've earned a crack at that student job," Matt went on calmly, "and I'd like to try."

The T.M. studied him for a few seconds. Then he blurted out: "There was a time when any half-baked brakeman or hogger or even a clerk could swallow a book of rules and get himself a straw-boss job. Why? Because they knew how things were done—by actually doing them. Not any more, though." Carney lit a cigarette. "The new crowd doesn't have to do things. They just see that they're done. Me, for instance. I never swung a pick. I don't know how to run an engine."

Matt thought he detected a glint of malice in Carney's eyes, but he did not interrupt.

"I'm way ahead of you, Hale," the trainmaster continued. "If you're thinking of spilling to the Old Man about this diesel schedule"—he tapped the telegram significantly—"forget it! I've already told Payne that you helped me. But it's still got my name on it. And as for the student job—well, it's going to somebody else. A friend of mine."

Carney got up and walked around the desk. He put a patronizing hand on Matt's shoulder. "Can't all run the show," he added suavely. "But I'll keep you in mind when something else comes up."

Matt Hale stalked out. He scarcely noticed that the sun had gone and the clouds along the north horizon were growing thicker and darker.

IN HIS OWN office again, after Big Tim had left, Matt ignored the clattering telephones, the piled-up work reports, and the accumulated register sheet. Bitterly he recalled the hours of overtime, the hours of study, the hours of effort—all wasted!

There it was, under a scratched-up glass on his desk, the assignment bulletin spelling out his routine clerical duties. Beyond those duties he didn't

have to go. Nothing more was expected of him.

The yard intercom speaker above the roundhouse suddenly cleared its throat. "Repair track! Repair track!" a yardmaster announced. "Car of stock off 253 with the brakes cut out. Want it for 51. Car pokes, get the lead out of your pants!"

Matt picked up the phone. There was a job to do. And down deep he knew he'd do that job, just as he always did. So busy he was that he didn't even think of luncheon.

At 1:30 his office door opened and to his great joy, Sally came in unexpectedly bearing a tray full of food. Her face was flushed a little. She placed the tray on his desk, covering up a litter of reports as she did so.

"I couldn't let you go hungry," she said in a sweetly seductive voice, "though I think you're mad at me."

Matt forced a smile, but was still sore. "Thanks for the lunch," he said coldly, "and I'm *not* mad. Why should I be?"

The beanery queen eyed him with reproach. "I hope you choke—you applepolisher!"

She pranced out of his office, slamming the door. Matt watched her slender figure cross the tracks, stepping like a true railroader *over* the rails, never *on* them.

When she was out of sight he sighed and uncovered the tray. There lay a thick, juicy, hot sandwich of corned-beef on his favorite bread, whole wheat. Beside it were a cardboard dish filled with whipped sweet potato custard and a container of steaming coffee, light and probably without sugar, just a he liked it.

The hungry enginehouse clerk pitched into it. But before he could finish eating, the train loudspeaker again crackled into life.

"Emergency! *Emergency!*"

Matt swallowed the last drop of Java and set down the container.

"Engine 4201 calling Hickorydale," the voice went on urgently. "Come in, somebody!"

Matt recognized the voice, Jim Gunther's. Jim was the engineer on the manifest run. Automatically the clerk reached for the mike. Then he shrugged. Why listen to a hoghead's gripes? It wasn't *his* job.

But the mike was already in his hand. Forgetting the rest of his lunch and Sally and Bert Carney, the young man began talking to Extra 4901.

"Matt Hale. Jim. Come in!"

"Matt," Jim Gunther's words tumbled out wildly, "we're at Camp Austin. Hell of a cloudburst in the hills. Flash flood's headin' down-river. Get everybody on high ground!"

Camp Austin was ten miles upstream. Matt knew that once before the Selatchie River had gone flood-crazy and all but swept Hickorydale clean. He knew, too, that nothing could stop a mighty wall of water surging through a valley.

Snapping the emergency switch on the yard intercom system, he threw all the speakers into one circuit and spoke in a firm tone.

"Listen, everybody! Listen!"

On full volume the speakers picked up his voice, amplified it, and flung his words against the towering hills. Things in Hickorydale came to a breathless stop.

"Flood's heading down-river!" he warned, slowly and distinctly, and again the booming sounds echoed through the valley. "Ten minutes—maybe not that much! Hurry up to high ground!"

For a moment, men and women were stunned. Then the terminal exploded into frantic activity. Like ants from a disturbed ant-hill they poured out of the depot, the roundhouse, the shops, the yard office, the bunkhouses, and the Selatchie Inn. It was the biggest mass movement Hickorydale has seen since the 4802 blew up with a dry crown-sheet and scattered herself far and wide.

Matt saw Big Tim O'Connell slide out of the 1901's cab, like a kid dropping from an apple tree, and outdistance even the fleet-footed Sally Norton in a race to hillside safety.

Well, Sally was safe, Matt reflected. Thank God for that! He was tempted to join her on the hill that overlooked the town of Hickorydale, but first there was urgent work to be done.

The clerk repeated his warning, then he flung the mike aside and ran, leaving behind him a litter of papers on the desk, an empty coffee container, and about two spoonfuls of whipped sweet potato custard.

A DAPPER FIGURE blocked his way. Trainmaster Carney, gazing intently at the four new diesel units that stood in isolation on the ready track, barked at him: "Hale, can you run a steam engine?"

"Sure I can," replied Matt. "Used to fire an 1800."

"Good!" Carney nodded. "Get that 1891! We'll latch onto those four units and take them down the south main. We can outrun the flood to Parker siding—the river turns away there. If those babies get wet it'll mean a complete overhaul. We'll keep 'em dry. Let's go!"

He started toward the 1801. Maybe Carney wasn't such a bad sort after all, Matt decided; he was just looking out for number one. The clerk trotted after the trainmaster. This time Bert Carney would *have* to give him a boost. This time—

Then he heard the lowing of cattle. A loaded stock car stood on the repair track, right where it would take the full force of tons of water.

"Mr. Carney!" he shouted. "Those cattle! i'm heading into the rip track. We gotta get that car out."

Carney yelled back: "Don't be crazy! Let the claims department worry about cows. We're saving diesel locomotives."

Matt thought quickly. The diesels were Carney's responsibility. Carney was a brass collar; he himself was only hired help. It might mean the difference between clerking for the rest of his life and getting a better job through the trainmaster's influence.

But the mental picture of Sally Norton bringing in the tray of food when he was hungry changed his mind. He realized that he couldn't follow Carney and still live with himself, not to mention Sally.

"Hale," shouted the trainmaster, "didn't you hear me? It's an order."

"We're not letting those cattle drown," said Matt. "I'm taking that car out with the 1801. Don't you dare try to stop me!"

Carney's face went livid, but he tagged along with Matt. Together they ran for the 1801. Matt climbed into the cab, slammed the eight-wheeler into reverse, and jerked the throttle open. Carney grabbed a ride as the footboard shot past him. In a minute they

reached the cattle car, uncoupled it.

"All right, get going!" Carney bellowed. "Good Lord!" He pointed ahead wildly.

Two miles up the valley and running down at express-train speed was a tossing, foaming, yellow wall of water! Trees, rocks, and even houses were being swept before it. Matt sat glued to the seatbox.

Carney screamed now: "Coal-chute track, Hale! I'll help you in."

He ran toward the switch. Matt threw the reverse lever over and widened on the throttle. The 1801 shuddered, her wheels spinning. Sparks shot high in the air.

Remembering the sanders, Matt slapped the brass valve handle. Grit poured down and the tires caught. With a roar the 1801 found her footing and lunged forward, dragging the car behind. The helpless cattle set up a bawling protest.

It was a race now, a race between the trainmaster and the blasting 1801 and the towering rush of water.

Carney won by inches. He wrestled the switch-stand over. The rails bent under the very footboard of the switcher and the engine slowed as she nosed up the abrupt incline of the coal chute.

When the rear footboard slid by, Carney made a frantic grab. For one agonizing instant he lost his footing; then he climbed aboard as the 1801 pointed her nose toward the sky.

Higher and higher the engine struggled with her load, while the water churned below them. The coal chute staggered with the incalculable shock of flood. Matt tugged at the wide-open throttle. The 1801 was giving all she had, fighting against the incline but losing with every thrust of her pistons.

A strange hissing sound arose as the wave overtook them. The engine coughed and sputtered. But with a last powerful lunge she topped the incline and leveled off on the trestle!

Shakily, Matt shoved the air into full emergency. The 1801 ground to a stop. They were safe! The load of bawling cattle rested in safety high above the tawny flood that was rapidly filling the narrow valley.

A rush of emotion swept over Matt. Sally was safe, thank God! He'd seen her run toward the hill in plenty of time. He studied the scene.

The ancient brick enginehouse had melted away. Boxcars floated over the turntable pit. Four new diesel units were submerged to the roof plates. Water covered the entire first floor of the Selatchie Inn. On a floating chicken-coop a bedraggled rooster crowned defiantly.

Bert Carney inched his way into the cab, eyeing Matt. The clerk cocked his feet in the boilerhead in true hogger fashion.

"Enjoy yourself, Hale!" said Carney. "But figure on some new way of making a living when we get down from this—this—"

In that illuminating moment it dawned upon Matt that Trainmaster Carney was just another little guy afraid of his job.

"I was thinking," murmured the clerk, "you and Sally won't make that trip to Spring City tonight. And"—he nodded toward the firebox door—"the rules say that when a fireman's on an engine he must obey the hogger's orders. I'm the hogger. I want some steam in this tea-kettle to back us down. There's the scoop!"

For a moment the trainmaster, no longer debonair, sat where he was. He glared at Matt and then dropped his eyes to view the flood. It was beginning to ebb. Slowly he climbed down from the seatbox, shed his sodden jacket, and picked up the long-handled scoop, and grinned.

IT WAS MORNING before Matt could edge the 1801 and her solitary car down the shaky trestle. A bright August sun shone on sand, muck, rocks, and trees.

Hickorydale was a ghastly mess. The four diesel units were waterlogged candidates for the backshop. Already the scrape of shovels and the clatter of bulldozers were ringing through the valley. Emergency crews had flung themselves into the terrific task of cleaning out enough tracks to put the paralyzed division back into business.

Matt butted his cattle car to what was left of the stock chute. Then he put the brakes down on the 1801 and slid to the ground. Trainmaster Carney walked toward the sagging depot in search of a telephone, unaware whether or not phone service was still available in the damaged building.

Everything was steamy and sticky and mud-caked. Matt felt uncomfortable. But he wanted very much to find Sally and so he sloshed over to the Selatchie Inn and peered inside. Tons of gray gooey silt buried the floor. As he entered the great dining room—no longer recognizable as such—he saw a volunteer crew shoveling out the mud, and a girl with determination shown in her pretty face was bossing them.

She wore a fireman's dungaree's and a pair of bridgemaker's boots that were many sizes too large for her. Her figure didn't look very feminine in that rig, but her face did. You couldn't have mistaken the violet-blue eyes nor the saucy lips nor the wisps of chestnut-colored hair that stuck out profusely from under a bandana.

"Sally!" Matt called joyously.

The beanery queen whirled around, while her bridgemaker's boots stayed in the same place, so that she lost her balance and fell into Matt's arms.

"Listen you," he said illogically. "In about five minutes I'll be out of a job. Will you marry me?"

"What an inducement!" Sally laughed, and the dimples danced in her cheeks. "But I am crazy, too, and the answer is yes. No, don't!" She tossed her head aside. "Don't kiss me here! My face is dirty."

While she was struggling in his arms, Matt felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and he turned to face Trainmaster Carney.

"You're fired," said the T.M., "for insubordination, damaging company property, and unauthorized use of an engine." But he was grinning as he spoke. "Seriously, though," he added, "you did a great job, Hale. The SG&A won't forget it. You're coming into my office, you know. That is, if you still want that new job of student trainmaster."

"If I still want it?" Matt blurted out his thanks.

"I never did like apple-polishers either," the T.M. said with a grin.

At length Sally cut in. "I reckon you boys are hungry," and she steered them over to a clean table. "That new job can wait till after breakfast." •

Steam-powered rotary plow and 2-8-2 No. 487 (ex-D&RGW) on the three-foot-gage Cumbres & Toltec Scenic R.R. near Chama, N.M., after crossing Chama River bridge on a railfan trip on February 1, 1975. Previous poor snow conditions turned excellent for trip.

Mike Eagleson

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

POLITICIANS SHOULD take a leaf out of the recent agenda of the American Freedom Train. More than 700 Canadians on an excursion train, hauled by British Columbia Railway's Royal Hudson 2860, arrived at Seattle, Wash., King Street station on Nov. 1 to view the AFT exhibits and Southern Pacific's 4-8-4 No. 4449 during the train's stay in this Pacific Northwest city.

Washington State's Lt. Gov. John A. Cherberg and Canada's Hon. Car Liden, Minister of Transport and Communication for British Columbia Railway, shared jointly in the historic occasion. After a short ride in the cabs of the Espee and BCR locos, the two officials exchanged flags and then presented them to the hoggers of the respective engines. The thousands who watched and cheered as the two iron horses met little realized, if they weren't railfans, that both locos were restored from rusting static displays by dedicated volunteer workers. Ex-Canadian Pacific Royal Hudson 2860 is the sister engine of No. 2850, the engine that powered the royal train carrying King George VI and Queen Elizabeth across Canada in 1939. Following this, the 45 streamlined Hudsons were designated Royal and decorated with crowns. Built in 1940, the 2860 was rebuilt with parts from the 2850 and is the only engine of its kind still in operation.

LAST MONTH, I inquired about the status of Livonia, Avon & Lakeville No. 38. The disheartening news received from E.H. Blabey II, vice president-traffic and treasurer of the road, is that the LA&L doesn't plan to operate the 2-8-0 coalburner this year on excursion runs. The 1927 Baldwin Consolidation had developed excessive leaking of the superheater flues early last fall and had to be hauled out of service until replacement flues could be found. At the time T.C. McTighe, Jr., vice president and chief engineer of the LA&L, said cost estimates would be obtained to determine the extent of monies needed to repair the engine for a full five years of service on the boiler. If committed the work was expected to be done at the railroad shops in Lakeville, N.Y., during this winter utilizing LA&L labor and contract boiler specialists. Miracles do happen. Maybe this could be true of No. 38, but the prospects of her operating in Bicentennial year excursions are not bright.

STEAMTOWN plans to play a vital part in Vermont's Bicentennial program if what we hear coming out of Montpelier is true. Locomotives indicated to be refurbished are: No. 5288, an ex-Canadian National J-7 4-6-2 built in 1919 as No. 1516 of the Grand Trunk; ex-Canadian Pacific No. 2317 G-3 Pacific with 200 PSI boiler pressure, and No. 3377, ex-CNR S-1 Mike. Some $300,000 has been made available to restore the locomotives by the state. Vermont also has received more than $800,000 in grants for badly needed track improvements along the Vermont Ry. and Green Mountain Railroad in sections of track between Bellows Falls, Rutland, and Burlington where the passenger excursions would run.

ANOTHER NKP Berkshire in steam? The Fort Wayne, Ind., Railroad Historical Society is trying to raise $35,000 to restore ex-Nickel Plate Berkshire No. 765, to operating condition by this summer. The club obtained 765 from the City of Fort Wayne,

New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R. No. 54 *F.T. Stanley*. Anyone know area location?
Collection of Gorton T. H. Wilbur

where it had been on static display since 1963. Joe Karal, a retired NKP boilermaker from Conneaut, Ohio, who did so much work on the restoration of SP 4449 for the American Freedom Train, says that the engine is in good condition. While Joe was inspecting the engine, he showed FWRHS members marks he had placed inside the locomotive's smokebox while making repairs on her while she was still in service on NKP. Contributions toward restoring No. 765, which are tax deductible, can be sent to: Fort Wayne Railroad Historical Society, Box 9082, Fort Wayne, Ind. 46809.

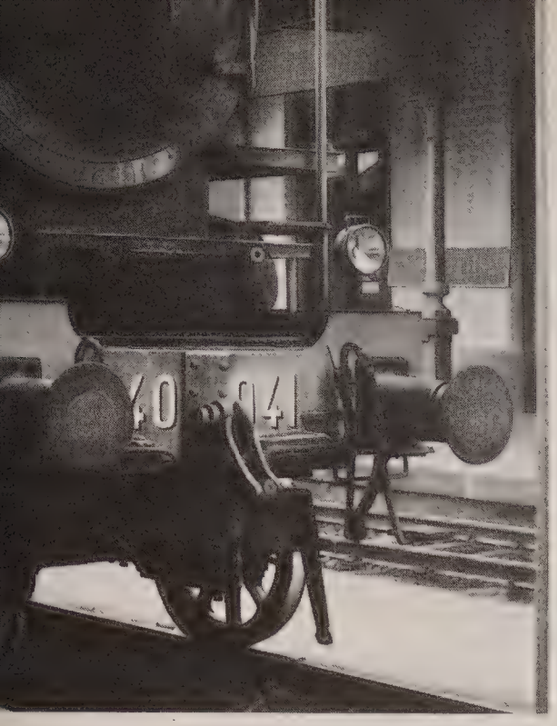
SILVERTON's Bicentennial year operation is still some three months away, but if last year's crowds are any criterion an all-time record for the spectacular trips out of Durango to the old Colorado mining town should be set. Denver & Rio Grande says that including the last train on September 28, a total of 113,785 passengers rode the steam operation in 1975.

CHRISTMAS may seem like a distant memory by now, but Oliver Jensen, author of the new book, *Railroads In America*, and brass collar of Valley Railroad in Essex, Conn., reports the best pre-Yule business ever with full honors going to ex-Birmingham & Southeastern Consolidation No. 97 and the incomparable Hock Patch. Oliver says Santa Claus pulled such turn away crowds during the December weekend afternoons and evenings that more trains will have to be added for this year's Christmas season operation. The year as a whole for the Valley R.R., despite rainy weekends in September and October, showed a big increase over 1974 with the Alco-Cooke, 1926 2-8-0 hauling some 90,000 people on the round trip ride from Essex to Chester.

With the Valley's 1976 excursion season still months away arrangements are being made to bring a larger ship into Deep River this year for the benefit of the many riders who want to take the combination train-boat ride. This popular connection for a trip on the Conn. River, especially during the warm weather months, has proved to be a decided plus for the increased patronage.

PERHAPS the longest and narrowest park in the U.S. is being constructed between Rusk and Palestine in East Texas. It's a railroad park and to complete it the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department is preparing 24.5 miles of track through the East Texas pine forest. Refurbished steam engines will chug through the park and provide a glimpse of railroading's golden age at the turn of the century.

Flood waters of Mississippi River inundate Burlington roundhouse and yards at Hannibal, Mo., shown here on June 9, 1947.



Oil painting by Italian artist Michele Taricco showing engine Mogul 640-041 still operating daily in northern Italy.

Galerie Pro Arte, 102, Grand 'Rue-1110 Morgesm, Switzerland

Bill Robertson, 504 Mt. View Ave., Belmont, Calif. 94002

Crew member of *American Freedom Train's* SP No. 4449 is dwarfed by 80″ wheels.

AT least 5000 persons with cameras and tape-recorders in mid-December bade farewell to Japan's last steam train. The C57-135 locomotive, pulling eight coaches carrying 2000 passengers, completed a 4-hour, 85-mile run passing huge crowds watching this end to Japanese steam operations from the right-of-way and station platforms along the route.

WITHOUT intending any lack of appreciation of the efforts of British Rail and local people organizing the Stockton & Darlington 150th anniversary program, could I put in a plea for accuracy? The full recognition of George Stephenson's work in expanding railways from local lines to national trunk routes, and his early statement, "One day they will be joined together—make them all the same gauge", surely entitles him to full praise without crediting him with things he did not do.

BR News states "Passenger Railways 150th Anniversary", referring to 1825-1975. This simply is not true. Even the Yorkshire Post stated that the Stockton & Darlington was the oldest railway when the terminus of the Middleton Ry. was only a short walk from their offices.

The first railway to have its construction authorized by statute was the Middleton Colliery Ry., Leeds, in 1758. The first working steam locomotive was by Trevethick in 1804, though it was so heavy it wrecked the track and apart from proving the feasibility of the idea did little more. The first railway to make a commercial success of steam locomotives and to use it for all its mainline trains was Middleton Ry., Leeds, in which locomotives built by Matthew Murrey used Blenkinsop's rack rail to enable them to climb the steep gradients with a low axle load which would not smash the cast-iron rails. This was the first railway to combine steam traction with flanged wheels, and is the logical point from which to start the story of railways as they are today.

The first passenger-carrying railway was the Swansea & Oystermouth (later the Swansea & Mumbles) built in 1804. The first railway to carry all its fare-paying passengers by steam was neither the S&D nor the Liverpool & Manchester, but the Canterbury & Whitstable in 1831.

Could I therefore plead that we describe the Stockton & Darlington as the first railway to get parlimentary sanction to carry passengers by steam—not to embellish what was a great step forward in railway history with credits that it did not deserve. Even devoid of the credits rightfully due to Trevethick, the Swansea & Mumbles, Murray, and Blenkinsop of the Middleton, the S&D story is still worthy of the highest praise.

What is not often realized is that Stephenson did not get the credit for something that he did invent. He produced a miner's safety lamp, the credit for which went to Sir Humphrey Davey. Readers may be interested in the correspondence on this and Stockton & Darlington's 50th anniversary, and the, yes, channel tunnel progress in the Mining Journal and Railway News of 1875. This news from R.F. Youell, Leeds, England.

Send steam news to Mike Eagleson, 37 Edgemere Ave., Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856.

Bruce Russell, 33 Lorraine St., Glen Ridge, N.J. 07028

Ex-Grand Trunk Western 2-8-2 No. 4070 in Pennsylvania on fantrip in 1975.

COLORADO & SOUTHERN STEAM POWER

Formed in 1898 of a group of roads extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Rockies, the Colorado & Southern came into the Burlington system ten years later where, with the Fort Worth & Denver City, it still operates as a separate unit. Its 748 route miles, now all standard gage, once embodied a 400-mile network of such famous narrow-gage lines as the short-lived Denver, South Park & Pacific. This roster was compiled by Railway & Locomotive Historical Society.

Narrow-Gage Locomotives—1902[1]

C&S No.	Other Nos.	Builder	Date	Cylinders	Drivers	Engine Weight	Class	Type
1[2]	UP 57	Mason	?[3]	14x16	38	38700		2-6-0
2[2]	UP 62	Brooks	?[3]	14x18	38	47400		2-6-0
3[2]	UP 63	Brooks	?	14x18	38	47400		2-6-0
4-5	UP 109-110	Cooke	1884	15x18	40	64000		2-6-0
6-10	UP 111-115	Cooke	1884	15x18	40	64700		2-6-0
11	UP 116	Cooke	1884	14x18	40	55299		2-6-0
12-13	UP 7-8	Cooke	1884	14x18	40	54000		2-6-0
14[2]	UP 3	Brooks	1882	15x18	38	46000		2-6-0
15-16[2]	UP 5-6	Brooks	1880	15x18	38	46000		2-6-0
17[2]	UP 161	Brooks	1882	15x18	38	52000		2-6-0
18-20[2]	UP 163-165	Brooks	1882	15x18	38	52000		2-6-0
21	UP 156	Brooks	1882	15x18	38	55000		2-6-0
22	UP 162	Brooks	1881	15x18	38	55000		2-6-0
30	UP 190	Baldwin	1880	15x18	37	53745		2-8-0
31[2]	UP 191	Baldwin	1880	15x18	37	53745		2-8-0
32[2]	UP ?	Baldwin	1880	15x18	37	53745		2-8-0
33-36[2]	UP 194-197	Baldwin	1880	15x18	37	53745		2-8-0
37-56	UP 198-217	Cooke	1883	15x18	37	54600		2-8-0
57-62	UP 260-265	Rhode Island	1886	16x18	37	61690		2-8-0
63-70	UP 266-273	Baldwin	1890	16x20	37	66000		2-8-0
71-73	UP 9-11	Baldwin	1897	15½x20	37	70500		2-8-0

[1]Built originally for the Denver, South Park & Pacific and the Colorado Central, later acquired and renumbered by Union Pacific.

(Top) No. 902, north of Boulder, Colo., in June, '58 on railfan special. No. 58 on rip-up train (lower) near Solitude, Colo., Aug. 5, '38, and (right) No. 68 close to Floyd Hill, Colo., in '37.

[2]*Sold prior to June 30th, 1903.*

[3]*Received in 1882, date of construction unknown.*

Standard-Gage Locomotives—1897 to 1943

C&S No.	Other Nos.	Builder	Date	Cylinders	Drivers	Engine Weight	Class	Type
100	UP 395 CCJD11 UP 32	Rogers	1867	16x24	63	67000	C-2g	4-4-0
101-103	UP 538-540 DT&FW 65-67 D&NO 5-6	Rogers	1882	17x24	63	83100	C-2g	4-4-0
104-105	UP 568-569 CC 5-6 UP 160-161	Taunton	1869	17x24	62	74500	C-2g	4-4-0
107	UP 537 DT&FW 64 D&NO 4	Rogers	1882	17x24	63	76000	C-2g	4-4-0
108-110	UP 563-565 CCJD 8-10 UP 29-31	Rogers	1867	17x24	63	77400	C-2g	4-4-0
132	UP 521 DT&FW 111-4	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
133	UP 522 DT&FW 113-8	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
134	UP 523 DT&FW 118-13	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
135	UP 524 DT&FW 120-15	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
136	UP 525 DT&FW 121-16	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
137	UP 526 DT&FW 122-17	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
138	UP 536 DT&FW 123-18	Cooke	1888	17x24	61	81000	C-2L	4-4-0
143	UP 630	Schenectady	1889	18x26	62	99000	C-2S	4-4-0
144	UP ? (Rebuilt 1892)	Hinkley	1867	18x26	69	102100	C-2F	4-4-0
145	UP 630	Hinkley	1867	18x26	69	102100	C-2F	4-4-0
200	C&S 502 UP 1117 DT&FW 125 C&T 27	Rhode Island	1888	17x24	51	82800	A-3b	0-6-0
201-204	C&S 503-506 UP 1112-1115	Baldwin	1890	17x24	51	88000	A-3b	0-6-0
205	C&S 507 UP 1220 DT&FW 151 C&T 20	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0
206	C&S 508 UP 1221 DT&FW 155 C&T 21	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0
207	C&S 509 UP 1222 DT&FW 156 C&T 22	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0
208	C&S 510 UP 1223 DT&FW 157 C&T 23	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0
209	C&S 511 UP 1225 DT&FW 159 C&T 24	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	94000	A-3c	0-6-0
210	C&S 512 UP 1226 DT&FW 160 C&T 25	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	96000	A-3c	0-6-0
211	C&S 513 UP 1228 DT&FW 162 C&T 26	Rogers	1888	18x24	51	96000	A-3c	0-6-0
212-213	UP 1229-1230 DT&FW 163-164	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	113530	A-3d	0-6-0
214	C&S 206 UP 1216 DT&G 69	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	113530	A-3d	0-6-0
215-216	C&S 208-209 UP 1218-1219 DT&G 71-72	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	113530	A-3d	0-6-0
220-224		Cooke	1906	19x26	51	141920	A-3e	0-6-0
225-231		Schenectady	1907	19x26	51	143200	A-3E1	0-6-0
232-236		Baldwin	1910	19x26	51	151800	A-3E2	0-6-0
250-251	C&S 214-215 UP 1362-1363 DT&G 75-76	Rogers	1888	17x24	56	105000	B-3h	2-6-0
252	C&S 207 UP 1217 DT&G 70	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	96200	B-3j	2-6-0
253	C&S 210 UP 1224 DT&FW 158-34	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	96200	B-3j	2-6-0
254	C&S 211 UP 1227 DT&FW 161-35	Cooke	1888	18x24	51	96200	B-3j	2-6-0
300-301	UP 1037-1038 DT&FW 150, 152 C&T 1-2	Rogers	1887	17x24	56	93400	C-3a	4-6-0
302-303	UP 1039-1040 DT&FW 153-154 C&T 5-6	Rogers	1887	17x24	56	93400	C-3a	4-6-0
304	UP 912 CC 91 UP 91	Baldwin	1868	18x24	56	86300	C-3b	4-6-0
305-308	UP 958-963 CC 12-17 UP 236-258[4]	Taunton	1881	18x24	56	86350	C-3b	4-6-0
309	UP 1408	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
310	UP 1411	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
311	UP 1413	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
312	UP 1406	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
313	UP 1409	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
314	UP 1412	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
315	UP 1405	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
316	UP 1407	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
317	UP 1410	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
318	UP 1414	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
319	UP 1415	Rhode Island	1890	19x24	62	135000	C-3e	4-6-0
320-322		Rhode Island	1900	20x26	63	135000	C-3g	4-6-0
323		Schenectady	1902	20x28	67	169500	C-3h	4-6-0
324-326		Schenectady	1903	20x28	67	169500	C-3h	4-6-0
327-329		Brooks	1906	20x28	67	187450	C-3h	4-6-0
330-331		Baldwin	1907	20x28	67	187450	C-3H1	4-6-0
350-354		Baldwin	1911	25x28	69	243300	F-3a	4-6-2
370	CB&Q 2970	Baldwin	1918	27x28	74	276400	F-3b	4-6-2
371	CB&Q 2973	Baldwin	1918	27x28	74	276400	F-3b	4-6-2
372	CB&Q 2965	Baldwin	1918	27x28	74	276400	F-3b	4-6-2
373-375		Baldwin	1922	27x28	69	301070	F-3c	4-6-2
400-401	UP 1364-1365 DT&G 73-74	Pittsburgh	1888	18x24	51	107000	B-4h	2-8-0
402-406[5]	UP 1312-1316 DT&FW 200-204	Baldwin	1889	20x24	51	124400	B-4h	2-8-0
407-411[5]	UP 1317-1321 DT&FW 205-209	Baldwin	1890	20x24	51	124400	B-4h	2-8-0
412-418[5]	UP 1322-1328 DT&FW 210-216	Rhode Island	1890	20x24	51	124400	B-4h	2-8-0
419-421[5]	UPD&G 100-102	Baldwin	1897	20x24	51	138300	B-4h	2-8-0
422	UPD&G 103	Baldwin	1897	20x26	51	126700	B-4m	2-8-0
423	UPD&G 104	Baldwin	1897	19x26	51	126700	B-4m	2-8-0
424-426	UPD&G 105-107	Baldwin	1897	20x26	51	126700	B-4m	2-8-0
427		Baldwin	1899	20x26	51	126700	B-4m	2-8-0
428		Baldwin	1900	20x26	51	142800	B-4m	2-8-0
429	C&S 450	Cooke	1900	19x26	51	144700	B-4m	2-8-0
451-455		Rhode Island	1900	21x28	57	163360	B-4p	2-8-0
501	UP ? DT&FW 19	Cooke	1888	17x24	49	60100	?	0-4-0
520-531		Rhode Island	1903	22½x32[6]	57	206100[6]	B-4s	2-8-0
600-609	C&S 460-469	Rhode Island	1901	22x28	57	194180	B-4r	2-8-0
610-624	C&S 470-484	Richmond	1902	22x28	57	191701	B-4r	2-8-0
625-643		Brooks	1906	22x28	57	193400	B-4r	2-8-0
644-649		Baldwin	1907	22x28	57	194650	B-4R1	2-8-0
700-708		Baldwin	1907	21x28	57	181950	B-4Q1	2-8-0
800-804		Baldwin	1911	26½x30	57	283340	E-4a	2-8-2
900-904		Baldwin	1915	30x32	60	376243	E-5a	2-10-2
905-909		Baldwin	1919	30x32	63	387294	E-5b	2-10-2
910-914		Baldwin	1922	30x32	60	404070	E-5c	2-10-2

[4]*C&S Nos. 305-308 were filled by four out of six engines originally bearing UP numbers distributed between 236-258. Which engines became which, however, is not known.*

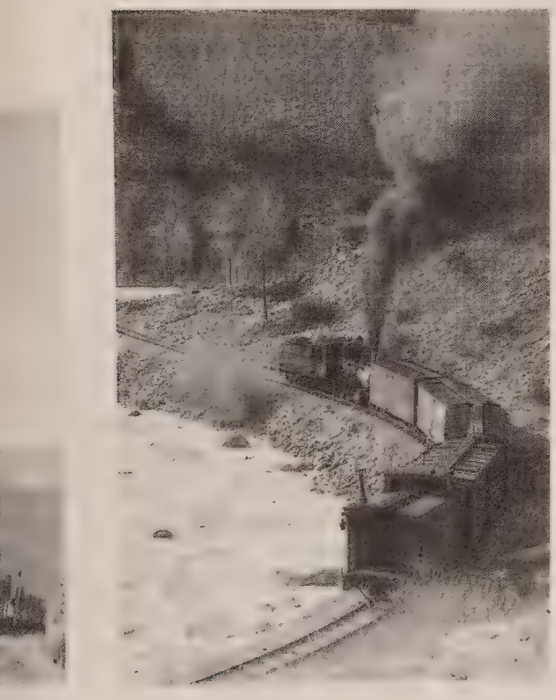
[5]*Sold to Trinity & Brazos Valley and assigned Nos. 8-27 in the same sequence.*

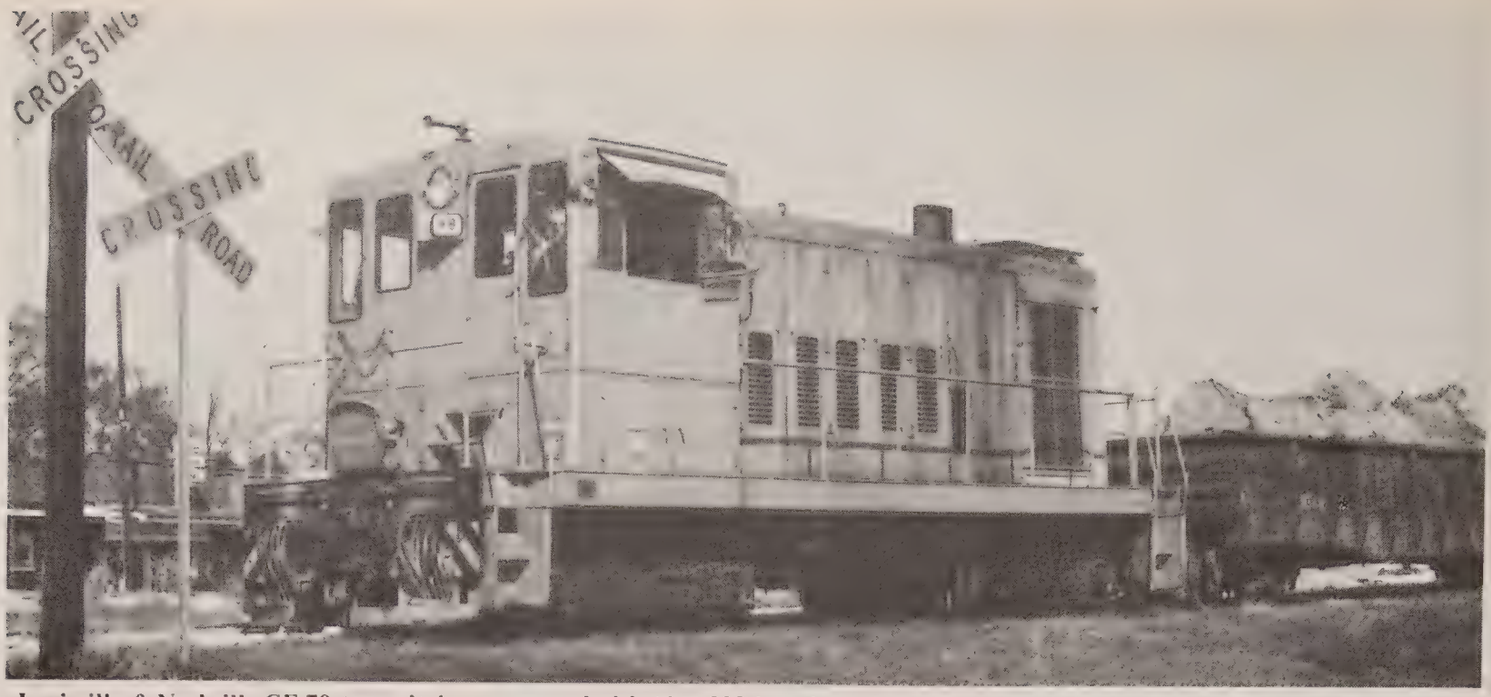
[6]*Originally 16 & 28x32 and 178000. These compounds were rebuilt as simple engines*

Abbreviations: UP—Union Pacific, 1885 renumbering if above 300, original numbering if below; DT&FW—Denver, Texas & Fort Worth; DT&G—Denver, Texas & Gulf; D&NO—Denver & New Orleans; C&T—Colorado & Texas Railway Construction Co.; CCJD—Colorado Central, Julesburg District; CC—Colorado Central; UPD&G—Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf; CB&Q—Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; C&S—Colorado & Southern.

This roster is based on the 1906 renumbering of Colorado & Southern locomotives. Earlier C&S numbers have also been indicated here on those locomotives that carried them. A question mark indicates that data is unknown.

Richard H. Kindig, 3831 Perry St.
Denver, Colo. 80212





Louisville & Nashville GE 70-ton switcher repowered with Alco 800-hp prime mover and previously used on an offshore oil rig.

Jerry Mart, 2819 Lindsey Drive, Hopkinsville, Ky. 42240

TRACKSIDE IN THE DIESEL AGE

By JIM EDMONSTON

SOMETIMES the search for an unusual unit or rail operation results in a thoroughly interesting item of rail history, useful to all railfans. For example, Jerry Mart, 2819 Lindsey Dr., Hopkinsville, Ky. 42240, set out to photograph Louisville & Nashville No. 98, the road's only GE 70-tonner, and the only locomotive of her type to be re-engined with a 6-cylindered Alco 251 prime mover, previously used on an offshore oil-drilling rig.

Jerry found this extremely rare loco in Westmoreland, Tenn., on the L&N's Gallatin (Tenn.) to Scottsville (Ky.) branch. Jerry dug up a history of the branch, with help from L&N's Charlie Castner, one of Railroad Magazine's authors.

L&N's Scottsville branch (part of the Louisville Division)is worked exclusively by repowered GE 70-ton endcab switcher 98. The "main line" of the branch is 35 miles long. An 11-mile segment leaves the "main" at Hartsville Junction, extending to Hartsville, Tennessee. The 35-mile main began life as the Cincinnati, Green River & Nashville RR, while the 11-mile Hartsville branch was known as the Middle & East Tennessee Central Railway (that's covering all bases, isn't it?). The routes were combined and became known as the Chesapeake & Nashville Ry.

The L&N absorbed the C&N in 1906, the year *Railroad Magazine* was born. With their new road came four little engines; C&N 4-4-0's numbered 2, 4, and 5, and C&N 2-6-0 No. 3. These became L&N 40, 2185, 62, and 458, respectively. The last stream engines to work the Scottsville branch were Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis 2-6-0's numbered 31 and 33. Obviously, the line was restricted to the light power.

In July '48 and November '49 the L&N purchased 70-tonners 125 and 126 from General Electric with the express purpose of replacing light steamers on lines such as the Scottsville branch. These engines were renumbered in the mid-Sixties to 98 and 99 respectively. The latter was sold in 1969 to the Marianna & Blountstown in Florida, as a stock 70-tonner.

The repowering of 98 is unique, not only because very few 70-tonners are considered "practical" repowering candidates, but because the prime mover used was not a new engine, or even an engine taken from another locomotive. The 251 plant used was salvaged from an oil rig.

To accomodate the larger plant (stock 70-tonners carry the 6-cylindered Cooper-Bessemer FWL-6T) the hood had to be raised 8 inches and the stack moved far forward. This change is easily seen in the photo. Stock 70-tonners are rated between 500 and 660 horsepower, while L&N rates 98 at 800 hp. As there are no 6-cylindered 251's in railroad service elsewhere, this rating is entirely L&N's.

The interesting terrain of the Scottsville branch demands the extra horsepower. Note that 98 is equipped with MU jacks; no doubt in the days before the upgrading, 98 and 99 were operated in multiple. The run gets hilly between terminals. L&N's shortest tunnel is found just south of Westmoreland, Tenn. The Westmoreland tunnel measures 46′ 6″, just barely taking the crown from Bee Rock tunnel on the Cumberland Valley division. Bee Rock measured 47′ 7″.

Movements with No. 98 take place Tuesdays and Thursdays only. The regular crew consists of Steve Holmes, engineer, and R.H. Culp, conductor. On rare occasions, primarily for shopping, she runs extra from Gallatin - Nashville and return. Outbound

Photography by Richard Wallin

Chicago & Illinois Midland RS1325 No. 31 at Springfield, Ill., August 30, 1970.

Even after this Southern Pacific flanger piles up snow away from track in the Oregon Cascades, winds blow it back to drift again.

freight (south from Scottsville) consists of logs, pulpwood, woodchips, lumber, shavings, and sawdust—forest products.

Inbound freight from Gallatin is primarily feed, fertilizer, plywood, and merchandise for the Scottsville Dollar General Store. In the past, on occasions when the 98 was laid up, this freight has been moved by GE 80-ton center-cabs borrowed from the US TVA Steam Plants railroad in Gallatin. Presently 98 is battered, bruised, and scratched, but running very well, thank you.

Jerry didn't say, but I assume from the photo he sent me that 98 is operated cab-forward. Note in the picture a rear-facing horn and unique number-board below it, seat position, and wiped-out windshield on the engineer's side. A section of the branch is up for abandonment, but this may be delayed a long time.

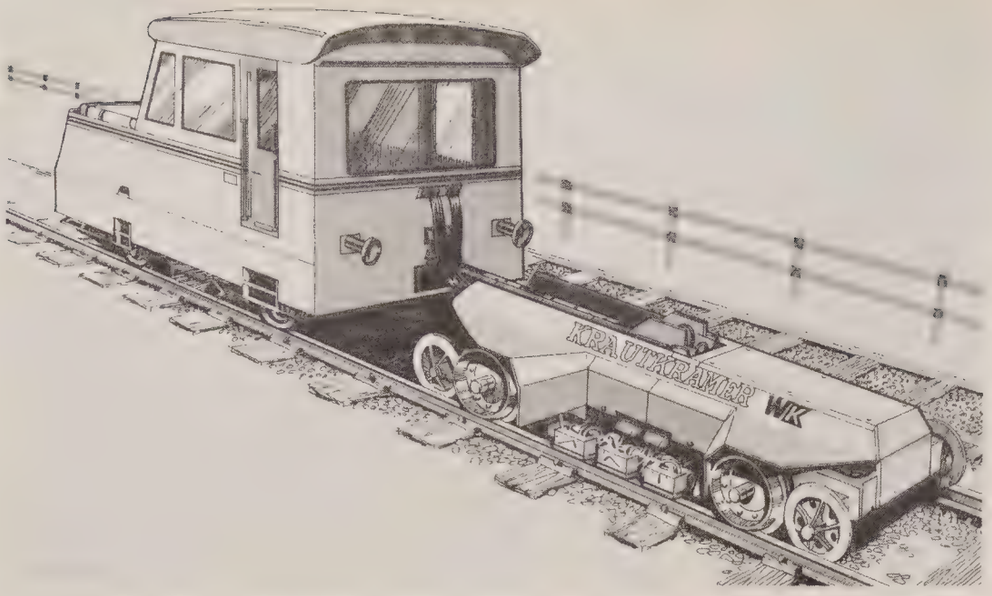
OTHER NEWS from Jerry's area (besides the nationally-known blackbird plague) has L&N closing its piggyback ramp in Hopkinsville, Ky. All pigs are now handled by Illinois Central Gulf over a connection called the "Beltline" (what else?) which bisects the City. In the past, L&N switched the Beltline about once a week, now ICG is on it almost every day.

L&N switchers have been supplanted almost entirely by ICG's orange-white units. L&N's Hopkinsville switcher, at one time an endcab SW or NW-2, is now a low-nosed hood, usually a U-23B or GP-38. Older GP-7's and 9's (many with new paint schemes) are in road service.

Finally, Lilly Bros. Seed Co. of Hopkinsville has bought a Trackmobile (rubber-tired tractor with couplers) for switching its grain cars. While this is not a piece of rail power *per se,* at least it represents a first—the first industrial "unit" in town. Too bad Lilly didn't buy a GE 45-tonner or even a Plymouth DL!

A GOOD source of information is Joseph Jack, P.O. Box 136, Ambridge, Pa. 15003. Joe is a Penn Central crew dispatcher at Conway Yard, which I suppose is a lot like being a one-armed paperhanger in the Astrodome. Joe is a railfan, and puts out a lively and accurate newsletter (how does he find time or inclination?) called *Highball.* He doesn't mention cost, but depends on reader reports, as I do. Drop him a line.

Highlights of the November 12th issue includes a mention of the P&LE's Bicentennial GP-9 No. 1715 (technically this could be considered a PC unit). Assigned to the Beaver Falls-Pittsburgh commuter ser-



Artist's impression of ultrasonic flaw detecting trolley being towed behind loco.

Wells-Krautkramer Lts., Blackhorse Rd., Letchworth, Herts, England

vice, it runs daily 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. The engine sits behind the Beaver Falls roundhouse all day Sunday.

Mention Joe Namath while you're there and get an autographed pair of pantyhose. That's a novelty. Joe spotted SCL's 1776 passing through Conway for her repainting at Erie—by this time she should be returned to Seaboard Coast Line.

Joe mentions Amtrak's problems with the GE E60P electrics. Since his article came out, Amtrak has accepted the first two OK'd for 85 mph top speed. This was official in mid-November. By the time you read this, I expect all of them will be delivered. The GM-ASEA demo electric 1975 is at Harrisburg, Pa., waiting parts from Sweden. I understand that the problem is a transformer. That's a big problem (probably 10,000 pounds plus), and she'll be down for a while.

Joe reports also that Cleveland Electric Illuminating Geeps numbered 101-108 are in service on unit coal trains out of Mingo Junction over PC. They are painted blue and yellow. Both of Erie Lackawanna's Centennial units (3632, 3638, SDP-45's) were sighted in Meadville, Pa., last Nov. 24th on NY-100.

EL planned at that time to operate them as a set on the Chicago-NY hotshots. There were still 13 B&O Alco switchers (S-2's and S-4's) stored at New Castle, Pa., last December first.

THE BIG motive power news this winter concerns Amtrak, of course. The GE P-30CH's went into service. We mentioned that the first two E-60P Electrics were accepted. There is likewise strong interest in leasing foreign electrics for test purposes.

November 12th issue of *Amtrak News* reports plans to lease a Swedish (ASEA) Rc4,

Elwood R. Belknap, Box 415, Barton Rd., Apalchin, N.Y. 13732

Erie Lackawanna SDP45 No. 3637 and CNJ No. 3069 at Portland, Pa., September 14, 1975, after wreck at Delaware Water Gap, Pa.

a B-B boxcab. I've also heard rumors of a French model being investigated. Reports of problems with the French turbos are disheartening—I have word that the engines must be overhauled on an aircraft-style schedule of 2500 hours operation, and they are monstrous fuel hogs. Time will tell. Meanwhile, watch that Northeast Corridor.

Amtrak and Auto-Train have entered into a co-operative agreement which can only improve both services and serve passengers better. Auto-Train wants to expand their routes, Amtrak wants to offer a saleable service. This might even include hauling some Auto-Train cars on Amtrak trains. Sounds like somebody (I'm guessing Paul Reistrup) shelved the petty arguments and problems and decided to go after the business.

THOSE LOCOS we mentioned recently as having been wrecked in the Delaware Water Gap and sitting in Scranton, Pa., were Erie Lackawanna SDP-45 No. 3637 and Jersey Central (ex-B&O) SD-40 No. 3069. Elwood R. Belknap, Box 415, Barton Rd., Apalachin, N.Y. 13732, sent me photos of these and also of the two locos burned in the Binghamton roundhouse fire on the Delaware & Hudson. These were EL NW-2 No. 409 and D&H U-33C No. 757. The latter was completely rebuilt by Morrison-Knudsen, but 409 still derelict, with an uncertain future.

I LEARN that Robert Weinberg, 1515 Pennsylvania Ave., Bldg G-9, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11239, spotted eleven E-8's lettered Penn Central and Amtrak on U.S. Army property along U.S. highway 1-9 at South Kearny, N.J. He mentions Nos. 256, 257, 258, 260, and 281. Will the Army use these units for something, or are they merely stored for scrapping?

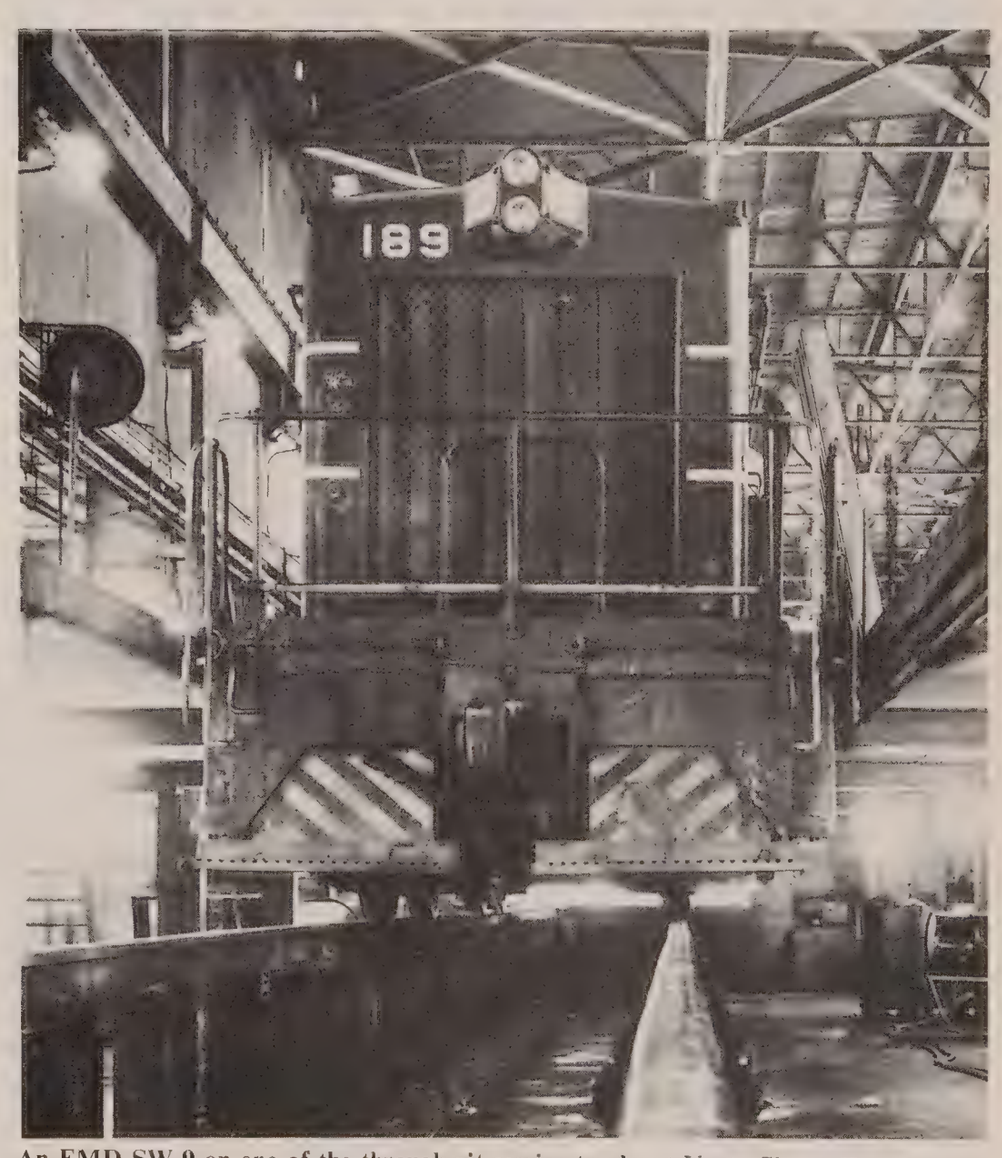
TWO NOTES from the *Locomotive Engineer* are especially interesting. Bob Wright, acting administrator of the FRA's Office of Safety, has told the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers that he plans to ride on some Amtrak SDP-40F's to see for himself what the complaints are about. Results of his rides are eagerly awaited.

CHARLIE LAIRD, the EL operator at Sterling, Ohio, says that on March 1 the Chessie System will operate the EL from Sterling East, and Conrail will operate Sterling to Chicago. All Erie Lackawanna F-7B's that had been stored at Marion, Ohio, have been shipped to Hornell, N.Y.

Western Maryland units are becoming more common on B&O trains at Sterling, mostly SD-35's and SD-40's; but GP-9 No. 42 and even an RS-3 also have been seen.

Barre & Chelsea No. 14 which had been preserved with the help of the Winooski Valley Model RR Club and the Barre Area Bicentennial Committee was dedicated as a memorial "to the men and machines who built and worked the railroads of the Barre area" in a ceremony at Merchant's Row Parking Lot, Barre, Vt., on September 6th, 1975.

Whitney Maxfield, 20 Cabot St., Barre, Vt. 05641



An EMD SW-9 on one of the through pit service tracks at Uceta Shops, Tampa, Fla., July 17, '75. On either side above is engine deck freight service platform.

Fred Clark, Jr., 312 Mariva Ave., Clearwater, Fla. 33515

CN 1901 GMD-1 on B-B Flexicoil trucks, at Saskatoon, Cash., Canada, in '59.
Photograph by L. Russell, from X2200 South

On the Norfolk & Western at Brewster, Ohio, the list of 39 stored locos has been cut to nine, with only four Alcos left on it. Others are back in service. Trainmaster 3595 was being set up for shipment to Roanoke for disposition (cut to another slug, probably).

FRA also published its annual summary of accidents on U.S. railroads, showing that 380 engine-service workers were injured on duty in 1974, including 168 in the yards, 121 in freight service, and 34 on passenger trains. The most common cause was "unexpected movement of a locomotive."

ACCORDING to Allan C. Williams, 14523 S. Emerald, Riverdale, Ill. 60627, the private car owned by Bill Schreiber (on the Crab Orchard & Egyptian) is ex-Illinois Central office car No. 3, which the general superintendent of motive power and the general superintendent of the car department used before it was sold in 1965 or later.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION for December 3rd carried a story about a train which fell into Big Creek at Ellensburg, Wash., when the rain-swollen stream washed out a bridge. Two units and one car went into the water, ten other cars were left lying on the banks. No human being was injured, as the engineer and head brakeman were riding the lead unit, which crossed safely, while the rear shack and conductor were in the caboose of the 40-car freight. No mention was made of type of power or even which railroad was involved, as is the case with most standard news items. Both the Burlington Northern and the Milwaukee road serve Ellensburg. Details, please?

JIM HENRY, Rte. 2, Box 79, Waverly, Ohio 45690, works as a brakeman at the Mead Paper Mill in Chillicothe, Ohio. He operates No. 4, a GE 65-tonner (44-ton style with heavy deckplate), and a Whiting Trackmobile on the interplant railroad. The GE was purchased in August, 1946, to replace a "fireless cooker" or "storage bottle" steam loco, which Jim thinks went to Mead in Tennessee.

Mead suffered a strike last fall, which ended October 26th. The following Tuesday, Jim and his crew were switching with No. 4 when they noticed smoke trailing from the rear truck. Nothing was found on a preliminary inspection, but after they moved the loco a few yards the front axle on its rear truck locked up—sure traction motor failure, obviously burned up.

After the affected motor had been cut out, the loco was taken to the shop, where both trucks were removed and loaded on a flatbed truck, to be shipped to the GE Apparatus Shop in Cleveland. It will cost about $19,000 to rebuild all motors, replace all wheels, and install roller bearings. Meanwhile, the B&O, which switches the plant, loaned them SW-900 No. 9421, later 9425—which, however, cannot navigate one sharp curve, where the Trackmobile must be used. Jim did not say when No. 4 will return to work, but it is being overhauled and repainted, green and black. Jim could not talk the boss into a red, white and blue scheme, but any new paint is an improvement. He cited the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton 1776, which made a run all the way to Ironton, Ohio, southern end of the line, in October; but still the boss said, "green and black."

ONE NIGHT last December will remain forever in the memory of a local tank truck driver here in my home city of Cincinnati. When he pulled up on the B&O crossing at River Road with 40,000 gallons of soybean oil, his drive shaft dropped out, immobilizing the rig. He watched helplessly from a telephone across the street as an eastbound B&O freight, led by GP-40 No. 4014 and GP-38 No. 3813, plowed into the truck and derailed, causing a huge mess of tangled steel dripping with soybean oil. No person was seriously hurt, but about ten cars were mangled, plus the nose of the 4014, and the truck was not recognizeable amid scattered debris. B&O crews going into action had the important St. Louis Division main open by mid-morning.

CANADIAN NEWS this month had CP Rail ordering 20 more SD-40-2's, scheduled for delivery about the time you read this. Previous order has been delivered with 5756-5757 arriving No. 28th. Some steam generators were reactivated for winter in Alcos. This includes 8475, 8479, and 8574. All of the F-7 and F-9B's in the St. Luc pool will be assigned to international service. The 4438-4473 made their first runs into the U.S.A. on Dec. 3rd.

CP Rail and the government of Ontario have agreed in principle to the operation of GO trains between Toronto and Milton, which is mile 31.7 on the Galt subdivision. Presumably the first cars will be those released from lakeshore service when the double-deckers arrive there in 1977. CP Rail crews will be used, motive power unknown at present. CP Rail wants to test the LRC train on the Montreal-Quebec line, using unit JV-1 as a test coach coupled to the RDC.

At this writing, Canadian National still has the LRC on the Toronto-Sarnia runs. CN has orders in for 1976 delivery including twenty M-420's, twenty-five GP-40-2's, and twenty-five SD-40-2's. The CN switcher 8135 (Alco-Montreal S-2) was donated to Toronto Harbourfront, a branch of the Canadian Railway Historical Assn., which who will paint it in original colors and restore its original number, 7988. Nine 1700's have been scrapped thus far at Moncton.

British Columbia Railway RDC-3 numbered 0 hit a logging truck at Quesnel, B.C., on October 3rd, which leaves four RDC's in working order. The H-10-44 (FM) on BCR, which was scheduled for re-engining and repainting, has had neither done. At last report, she was up for sale or scrap at Squamish. Behind Montreal Locomotive Works are Iraqi 2317-2320 export units ready for a trip overseas.

A CP rail news release notes that Conrail will take over at 12:01 a.m. on Feb. 26th. This will be a sad day for railfans, as seven roads will lose their corporate identities.

Two rather strange road-switcher models resulted from a need for passenger-termi-

nal switching power in the late Fifties. EMD took the SW-1200 model, placed it on a lengthened frame and gave it a short hood to house a steam generator. The model was introduced as a Canada-only "GMD-1", obviously reflecting the fact that GMD, Ltd, EMD's Canadian Subsidiary in London., Ont., would be the builder.

A U.S. version was offered with beefed-up horsepower. This was called the RS-1325, reflecting its 1325 horsepower. As offered, the RS-1325 looked exactly like the GMD-1; but the only two units ever produced have chopped noses, hood taper, and no steam generators.

Exactly 101 GMD-1's were produced between 8/1958 and 4/1960. The units were essentially SW-1200's on a long frame with short hoods, but had no taper from hood to cab. They also carry the one-unit headlight and numberboard assembly across both ends, as on the SW-1200RS. All units are on Flexicoil trucks. Eighteen GMD-1's have B-B Flexicoil trucks. All others are on A-1-A (six-wheel, center-axle, non-powered) Flexicoils.

The B-B versions are Canadian National 1900-1917, which also are the only GMD-1's equipped with steam generators for passenger use. Only two roads own the GMD-1, Canadian National and the Northern Alberta Ry., and none run in the US. Roster: CN 1000-1077, 1900-1917, and NAR 301-305, 311, and 312. NAR 311 and 312 are

The RS 1325 is a very rare unit. Only two were ever built, and those two were not built "as advertised" C&IM 30 and 31 were built in September, 1960, as a compromise between a GP-20 and an SW-1200. Featured is the sloping low nose of the GP-18/20 of that period, added to the standard SW-1200 body on a lengthened frame.

The unit carried the same power plant as the GMD-1, a 12-cylindered 567C, but was rated at 1325 hp, instead of the old 1200. There was no steam generator as C&IM had no passenger service. The units are on B-B Flexicoils, and can be seen today in the area of Springfield, Illinois.

I HAVE WONDERED why the majority of operating men whom contacted favor EMD power over that of GE. For a while I figured that most fellows are more used to EMD and reluctant to accept anything else, but more and more it becomes apparant that actual complaints are being made about GE units. Here is the "meat" of a letter from an engineer who lives in Portola, Calif., but doesn't want his name or his road mentioned:

"I am an engineer on a road that used both EMD and GE diesel power. I don't like the GE units for the following reasons:

Poor throttle design. Very large and hard to operate on some older models; no light to see throttle position on any model, even new ones.

Power lag. When throttle is moved between settings, amps drop and it takes as much as 45 seconds before amps come up again. Hard to regulate train speed and difficult to start trains on grades with mixed EMD-GE power.

Heater. Poor position and poor regulation of heat. Heaters speed up when throttle is opened.

"*Toilet.* Too little room to get to toilet.

"*Resets.* Low oil and low water resets in poor position; must climb on engine to reset low oil button.

"*Gages.* Older models hard to see from engineer's seat. No numbers on the ammeter. What do the dots mean?

"Steps. Very steep and narrow. Hard to get on engine with a suitcase.

"Starting. No way to help start a difficult-starting engine with a layshaft as EMD's have.

"*Oil.* Nearly every GE I have run has oil running from the engine on to the right-side running board, making a hazard.

"The above conditions apply primarily to the older GE models, but although some have been corrected, many are still present on the newer units. Most could easily be corrected through better engineering."

I HEAR that Sy Reich is preparing a Penn Central diesel roster for this magazine, which is good news.

SEND diesel news to me at 821 Clearfield Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240. •

Curtis C. Tillotson, Jr., College St., Oxford, N.C. 27565

It was mid-morning and the weather was hot on July 18, '75, as this trio of Southern big power lined up at Asheville, N.C., sand plugs. Seen on the ready track are SD-45 No. 3155, GP-38-2. No 5027, and SD-24 No. 6329. Next business is to paint the sand towers.

PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

THE FORD Administration is dropping as too costly a plan for a 150-mile-per-hour passenger train between Washington and Boston. In testimony before a Senate subcommittee, the Transportation Secretary, William T. Coleman, Jr., said new studies show a cost for the proposed high-speed line of $4 billion dollars.

As a substitute, he said the Administration would recommend a limited program of upgrading existing track and facilities, at a cost of $1.2 billion. This would not decrease travel times between New York and Washington but would cut a half-hour off the scheduled time between New York and Boston.

Currently, it takes three hours to go between Washington and New York on the high-speed electric *Metroliners* and 4½ hours to travel between New York and Boston on turbine-powered trains. Congress ordered in 1973 that the Northeast Rail Corridor be upgraded substantially. The travel time between Washington and New York should be cut to 2½ hours while the time between New York and Boston should drop to three hours, the order said.

CP RAIL increased inter-city passenger fares and sleeping-car charges, effective Jan. 15th. Its 15 percent rise applies to all coach fares on inter-city services, including *The Canadian,* a transcontinental train between Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver. Sleeping-car charges on *The Canadian* and trains 41 and 42 between Montreal and Saint John, N.B., also went up 15 percent. The new fares help to offset constantly rising labor and material costs. CP Rail's last previous increase occurred Jan. 15, 1975.

The Canadian Transport Commission has started its statutory five-year review of existing passenger-train services in Canada with a decision allowing Canadian National to drop one of its weekday trains between Toronto and Guelph, reports the *Locomotive Engineer.* Although legally an inter-city service, the train in question served mainly as a commuter run between Toronto and a string of small residential centers northwest of the city. It was ordered to remain in service five years ago because of the large traffic volume at the time.

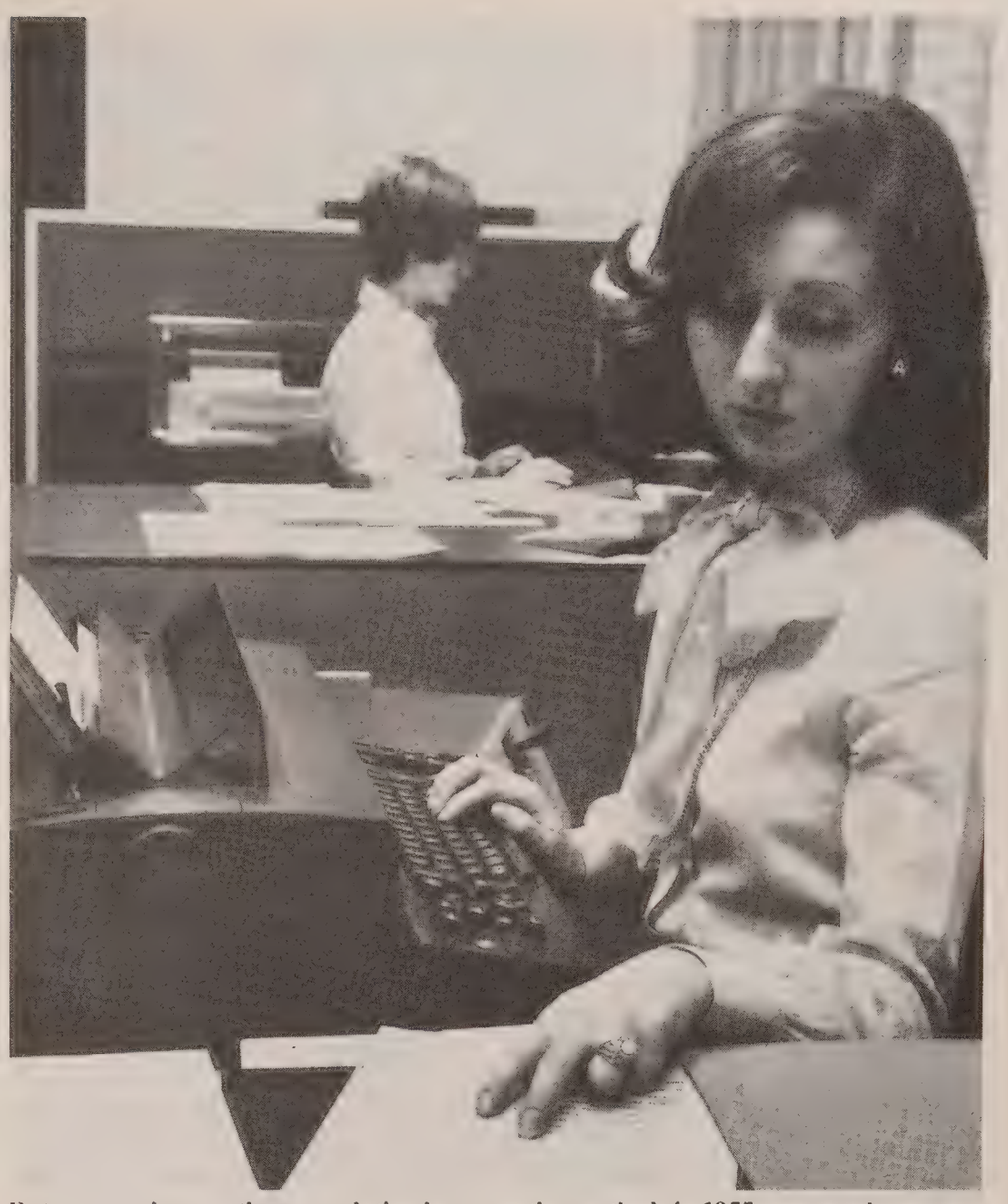
But 18 months ago Ontario extended the provincial GO Train service along the line with greater frequency and lower fares. Within a short time 70 percent of the CN traffic had switched to the GO service. CN losses in 1974 reached $481,000. The CTC now conducted a review of the CP transcontinental service with a January deadline for its decision. It is linked with a companion study of the CNR transcontinental

Penn Central No. 4254 heading north into Boston, Mass, with a commuter train on a cold morning in early February, 1975.

Brian Radovich, 20 Garden St., Milton, Mass. 02186

service.

JEAN BERTIN, who invented and developed the *Aerotrain*, died last December 20th in Paris, France, of an unspecified disease at age 58. His career started as an engineer in the French Air Force. The *Aerotrain* is a jet-powered passenger vehicle that glides along a rail on a cushion of air provided by its own engine. An *Aerotrain* service was to have linked Paris with the town of Pointoise, 25 miles away, but the Government abandoned the project in 1974 as an economy measure. The *Aerotrain*, however, is still under consideration by several countries.



Data processing creating a revolution in accounting methods in 1955; now word processing is causing a similar revolution in paper work at CP Rail. Diane Covillo is shown being her own mechanical editor revising a speech on the editing typewriter. CP has installed four different pieces of memory equipment at their Windsor Station. CP Rail

Memories of an Excursion

I MISS the very special holiday excursions that I knew as a little girl in the early 1900s. The railroads don't run them any more. My father worked for the Pennsy at the old Broad Street Station in Philadelphia and our family traveled on his free passes. I remember his coming home one night and announcing: "Well, mother, I have a pass to Ocean Grove for July 4th. We will leave on the 6:50 train from Camden, N.J." (No bridge crossed the Delaware River at Philadelphia in those days.)

There were five kids, including the baby. Mother smiled broadly and four of us whooped with joy. On such trips we always took along our own lunch. Preparing food for seven people kept mamma busy. She baked bread for sandwiches, bought cheese and ham, olives, little sweet pickles, large bananas, cinnamon buns, and oranges—delicacies we didn't get every day—and we picked tomatoes and lettuce from own own garden. Greatly excited, we were sent to bed early on the night of July 3rd, because we'd have to get up very early next morning. But first I laid out a white sailor dress to wear on the excursion, and a patriotic red, white, and blue ribbon for my hair.

Whatever else we had for breakfast in the morning, which was a warm day, included hot cocoa. We rode an open trolley car of the old Philadelphia Rapid Transit Co. for about eight miles to the ferry-house at the foot of Market Street. While we were boarding a ferry to cross the wide river to Camden, I watched the carriages and heavy horse-drawn wagons being driven onto the boat.

No train had air-conditioning in those days, so we didn't miss it as we took turns sitting beside open windows that let in warm breezes laden with dust and cinders from the puffing, ten-wheeled, steam locomotive. It was fun watching the towns whiz by at about 40 miles an hour, and the farms and meadows, the winding creeks that glittered like gold in the sunshine, and the sweet-smelling pine woods. Things looked so different from the streets back home, some of them cobblestoned or paved with red brick, and the monotonous row houses built close together. As we neared the Jersey coast we saw more and more sand, clean, white, and glistening. Then blue inlets with small sailing boats and, heavenly delight, we caught our first whiff of salt air blown in from the Atlantic Ocean.

It was a thrill, too, watching the little railroad stations come and go and hearing their magic named bawled out by a fat conductor in a blue uniform with brass buttons and a peaked cap. At last we got off joyously at the one marked "Asbury Park-Ocean Grove." Horse-drawn hacks and omnibuses lined up at the depot met the trains. Each loud-mouthed driver tried to lure us into his own rig. We climbed into an open vehicle with a fringed roof. I remember grabbing a much-desired end seat; and we jogged along at an easy gait to Lillagore's Pavillion (long since demolished by the pounding waves), which then jutted out partway into the sea at the southeastern corner of Ocean Grove.

Dad rented a room for us for the day in a gingerbready wooden cottage near the beach. By that time we were so hungry that we could hardly wait for him to open the medium-sized old suitcase that held our food. After we had eaten, he gave us each 50 cents to rent an individual room in a rambling wooden bath-house, which included the use of a bathing suit. Bikinis were unheard-of. No half-grown girl or woman would have been allowed on a public beach unless she wore a complete bathing suit with a dress reaching down to her knees and full-length stockings!

The sky that holiday was bright blue, with fleecy white clouds, and the ocean temperature a warm 69 degrees. We frolicked in the water, picked up shells and starfish, and built sand castles. When it finally came

time to return home, we were very tired but happy. On board the 5:00 train back to Camden we finished eating the food in our battered suitcase. I remember Dad giving a cheese sandwich to our conductor, who seemed glad to get it.

As we rode sleepily across the New Jersey pine belt toward home, the sun went down in flaming red. The right-of-way outside our train windows grew dimmer and dimmer; but in the communities we passed through we saw cheerfully lighted homes and occasionally pretty fireworks—flowerpots of scintillating stars, pinwheels, red flares, and skyrockets. Now and then we heard the *bang* of exploding firecrackers.

The water was dark and mysterious when we recrossed the Delaware on a ferryboat and the shore lights seemed far away. At length we dozed the last few miles of our journey to West Philadelphia in a trolley car.—Mrs. Florence Hubbard Hathaway, 2100 Washington St., Evanston, Illinois 60202.

Down by the Depot

GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, next door to the *Railroad Magazine* office, is indeed a historic landmark. Penn Central is not allowed to have a 50-story building erected above it. This decision was announced by the Appelate Division. It overturns a ruling that Manhattan Supreme Court Justice Irving Saypol rendered Jan. 21st last year, which held that the Terminal's 1967 landmark designation constituted a "taking of property for public use without just compensation."

Saypol's ruling left unsettled the issue whether the city's Landmarks Preservation Law itself was unconstitutional. However, he did rule that, because of the landmark designation, the bankrupt Penn Central was being prevented from earning needed income that the 50-story building would produce.

The Landmarks Preservation Commision designated the Terminal as a landmark in 1967 despite heated objections by Penn Central. Under the designation, the terminal may not be drastically altered without the commission's appoval.

In January 1968, a British-based firm offered Penn Central $3 million a year for the right to erect a 50-story building above the Terminal. But the Landmarks Commission rejected this plan because construction would have replaced the Terminal's famous south facade. Penn Central went to court, claiming that the law amounted to confiscation of its property without compensation, and temporarily won its case.

But the latest court decision says: "Structures such as Brooklyn Bridge, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Public Library, and Grand Central Terminal are important and irreplaceable components of the special uniqueness of New York City."

VOTERS of Dallas, Texas, overwhelmingly passed a $149.8 million bond issue embracing 12 items on December 9th. Included in transportation improvements for the city was $2.3 million designated for further renovation of Union Terminal. In 1972 Dallas voters approved $6 million in bonds, $5.3 million of which was used to buy the Terminal and the rest for preliminary renovation. The two programs make a total of $8.3 million for rail passenger service and a multi-modal transportation center concept. This is thought to surpass any other local support in the nation, the kind of help Amtrak actively solicits so that more Federal funds can be used for rolling stock and other amenities.

Union Terminal development is a part of a unique project implemented jointly by public funds and private financing. The Dallas Terminal is now serving Amtrak's *Lone Star* and *Inter-American* trains, also buses to the Dallas-Fort Worth Regional Airport. The Terminal building is one of two in Dallas to be recognized by the National Register of Historic Places.

GIRLS and fellows, working as volunteers, are repairing and beautifying the 1898-built railraod station in Atlantic, Iowa, a town of 7,500 population, some 45 miles east of Council Bluffs and 90 miles west of Des Moines, on the Rock Island's mainline. Local residents are proud of their depot. Victorian and stately, built like a fortress, a landmark. Tear it down and some of Atlantic dies.

There hasn't been a Rock Island passenger train through the town since 1970. But the station is headquarters for the Rock's agent-operator, also communications and maintenance personnel in the area. It was beginning to look tired. The struggling Rock Island, in reorganization since March 17th, after a trip to the Federal court, simply does not have funds for such buildings. Every available dollar is being used for essential services—repair of track, roadbed, and equipment. So the local youths, with the blessing of the Rock's management, decided to act on their own. They are painting the wooden trim and window mouldings in Rock Island's new blue color scheme. The fellows and gals work in shifts whenever they have free time away from their own jobs.

WE WONDER what will happen to Pittsburgh's historic Pennsylvania Railroad Station, a nostalgic monument to the past. The building with a majestic rotunda, elegant domed ceiling, and picturesque archways is 75 years old. Since 1967 the Pittsburgh History and Landmarks Commission has been fighting to save this great structure, especially its rotunda.

"That's the magnificent portal," says foundation President Arthur Ziegler. "We lose that and we've lost a unique structure on our planet."

THE CHURCH OF GOD bought the dilapidated Penn Central station at Mount Joy, Pa., and recently tore it down to make space for a church parking lot, reports L.P. Cummings of Lancaster, Pa. Local residents appealed to Ralph Geib, president of the church council, in a vain effort to save the old landmark for use as a museum or by the Mount Joy Historical Society. Passenger service ceased there about 20 years ago and the depot closed its doors to freight service on December 8, 1972. Since then, vandals had been breaking windows and even trying to burn the ancient structure.

SEPTA needs $2.7 million to buy the 62-year-old Reading Terminal at 11th and Market streets, Philadelphia. And what will SEPTA do when it gets the building? Tear it down, that's what. The Terminal must go to make way for a new station as part of the Center City Commuter Tunnel.

This Terminal is the oldest, largest, and probably best trainshed rail station in the country., writes Thomas Hine in a Philadelphia newspaper. But it's badly maintained and the great Victorian facade of the trainshed has been obscured in some parts, destroyed in others. Moreover, the trainshed itself, the most historic and distinguished part of the complex, is dark now, the glass skylights that were designed for it long gone and replaced with opaque roofing.

And although this span was one of the high points in that great 19th century period in which engineering aspired to, and achieved, the status of art in such structures as the Eiffel Tower and the Brooklyn Bridge, one barely sees it while pulling out on the Chestnut Hill local.

Two long-awaited Philadelphia projects—the Center City Commuter Tunnel and the Market Street East Urban Renewal—would seem to doom the old terminal. The tunnel, with its new station, would make the terminal unnecessary as a terminal, and Market East, with its mall and complex of severe glass office towers, seems to plan for its destruction. For many years, the one thing that was saving Reading Terminal was the inability of Philadelphia to get moving on any of its plans. In some ways, that's still the case. •

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1. *What is TRAIN II?*

This is an expansion of the original TRAIN concept, an automated info network set up by the Association of American Railroads in 1970, using a central computer to follow freight car movements on U.S. and Canadian roads and provide up-to-date facts on car interchanges. Last year, TRAIN II carried the system far beyond that. It reported on a wide variety of car movements, with both short- and long-range forecasting capability, thus helping the industry to anticipate car-supply problems and deal with them in advance.

2. *Where were steam engine changes made on Canadian Pacific's Montreal-Vancouver "Dominion Limited" run in the early 1950's?*

A Royal Hudson pulled the famous No. 7 for 990 miles to Fort William, Ont., 28 hours west of Montreal, the longest sustained loco run made on the system. Another engine, also a Royal Hudson, took the train into Calgary, Alta. Then one of the Selkirks hauled the 2881.4-mile flyer over rough grades of the Laggan and Mountain subdivisions into Revelstoke, B.C., where a Royal Hudson again picked it up for the run into Vancouver, B.C.

3. *Name the electric lines running in New England at end of World War II.*

There were 16 in all, namely: Conn. Co., New Haven; United Electric Rys., Providence, R.I.; in Maine: Aroostook Valley R.R., Presque Isle; Bangor Hydro Elec., Bangor, and York Utilities, Sanford; in New Hampshire: Claremont Ry., Claremont; Springfield Terminal Ry., and Uncanoonuc Incline Ry., Goffstown; in Vermont: Springfield Terminal Ry.; in Mass.: Boston Elevated Ry., Eastern Mass. St. Ry., Quincy and Stoneham; Grafton & Upton; Union St. Ry., New Bedford; Whitin Machine Works, Linwood, and Worcester St. Ry., Worcester.

4. *I work for the Milwaukee out of Butte, Mont. Under what conditions can an employee's military service be credited to railroad service under the Railroad Retirement Act?*

The individual must have entered the Armed Forces either involuntarily or while the U.S. was at war or in a state of national emergency, and he must have worked in the railroad industry during the year he entered military service or in year before.

(Top) Arrostook Valley freight trolley car 52 in northern Maine, and AV 51 (lower) in front of Odd Fellows Hall at Washburn, Me., when trolleys flourished in area.

Both pictures collection of Gorton T. H. Wilbur

Canadian Pacific Royal Hudson on westbound No. 7 at White River, Ont., in Oct. '52.

Elmer Treloar, 101 California St., Highland Park, Mich.

5. *Please print "Memories of a Veteran," by O. Earl Lyles.*

Out where the roamin' coyotes wail
And moonbeams dance on polished rail,
I can hear a whistle's wah-hah-hoo
From the smoky end of Sixty-two
With a high-wheel Mike and fifty cars
Danglin' east 'neath the desert stars,
Where snow drifts deep and winds blow free
And the West begins, on the W.P.

There's a hauntin' song, a sweet refrain
To the rumblin', clangin', roarin' train
In the wake of belchin', hissin' steam
And a headlight's stabbin', searchin' gleam.
I can hear the clank of rods and wheels
As the big Mike lurches, rocks, and reels
In a killin' pace from the western sea
By familiar scenes on the W.P.

My thoughts steal back to the lone prairee,

To happy years on the W.P.,
Where hotshots bore through the desert gloom
While reefers dance to a smokestack's boom.
There's a friendly wave from the men I know
And the memories sweet of the long ago,
Where siderods flail and winds blow free
On far-flung rails of the W.P.

6. *What was Ohio's first railroad?*

The Erie & Kalamazoo, a 32-mile line from Toledo, Ohio, to Adrian, Mich., in 1836. At first a crude horse-drawn coach holding 24 passengers ran over its primitive iron-strap rails, but in 1837 the road bought a small woodburner, the *Adrian* No. 1, capable of running 10 mph and reliable enough to haul the mail. That same year the company went broke in the financial panic, and until 1846 was owned by the State of Michigan, which had chartered the line and contributed heavily to its construction.

However, the E&K was not the first railroad *chartered* in the Buckeye State. In 1832, when the entire nation had only 229 miles of rail lines, the Ohio General Assembly granted a special charter to build the Mad River & Lake Erie from Dayton to Sandusky, 156 miles. Begun Sept. 7, 1835, the road extended 30 miles south from Sandusky in 1840. When its first loco, *Thomas Rogers*, arrived from Paterson, N.J., no rails had been laid. The track was built to suit the engine, which was standard gage. In 1846, the MR&LE's line from Sandusky to Bellevue was joined with the Little Miami R.R., thus completing the first through line from Cincinnati to Sandusky, 211 miles. The same year, Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati were connected by 263 miles of track.

7. *Did any tunnels have track-pans?*

Only in one place that I know about. These were in the Diggle end of the three 3-mile bores of the Standedge tunnels on the London & North Western Ry. in England between Manchester and Huddersfield. The tunnels were the only level stretch on the whole route.

8. *When was the first known railroad hospital?*

To the best of my knowledge, this was established by the Central Pacific (now Espee) at Sacramento, Calif., in 1868, during the days of the great push eastward to meet the Union Pacific.

9. *Name the railroads that served Detroit in 1940.*

There were nine: the Baltimore & Ohio; Detroit & Toledo Short Line; Detroit Terminal; Detroit, Toledo & Ironton; Grand Trunk Western; New York Central (Michigan Central); Pennsy; Pere Marquette, and Wabash.

10. *Years ago, cartoonist Bob Ripley said that the most powerful steam locomotive could not move if a penny were placed under each driving wheel. Care to comment?*

Robert L. Ripley was a great cartoonist, but his statement was incorrect. He said the tractive force of a loco generally was only about a quarter of her weight, and therefore she could not lift herself over the coins. Actually, if a loco had a t.f. of 60,000 lbs., pulling a 3,000-ton train on level ground would have been easy. She could have lifted her own weight over the thickness of a penny. My statement is no "Believe It or Not."

11. *Which roads make up the Chessie System?*

There are four; Chesapeake & Ohio, Baltimore & Ohio, Western Maryland, and the Chicago South Shore & South Bend.

12. *What North American railroad had the largest fleet of diesel-electrics in the 1949-'50 period?*

The Pennsylvania. In late 1949 it had 594 diesels in service, with an aggregate of 1,062,300 hp. During this time it ordered 226 new diesels, costing about $38 million, which up to that time was the largest simple purchase of diesels in the road's history. Additions to the fleet consisted of 5 passenger locos, 45 road freight engines, and 176 yard goats, whose 370,800 hp, added to that of 63 passenger locos, 82 freight, and 449 switchers in operation, gave the Pennsy a total of 1,433,000 hp for the 820 locomotives. The new yard goats enabled the road to fully dieselize its switching operators at many locations. Yet at that time, Pennsy was the largest user of coalburning and electric locomotives.

13. *Tell me about the Townsville R.R.*

Incorporated in 1919 to acquire the Roanoke River Ry., which had been sold that year, it ran from Monson to Townsville, N.C., 11 miles, had only one loco, and was abandoned in 1933.

14. *Did a railroad build the Prince of Wales Hotel in the Canadian Rockies?*

Yes, indeed, the Great Northern, and opened for business in 1927. It's interesting to note here that during the construction, fierce winds blew the 100-room chalet 8 inches off center and the main beams are still 4 inches askew.

15. *Who was Magnus Volk? Did he have anything to do with the Volkswagen?*

No. Born in Brighton, England, in 1851, the son of a German clockermaker, he built Great Britain's first electric railway in 1883. It was a 2-ft.-gage line along Brighton beach making use of a Siemens dynamo and a 2-hp Crossley gas-engine. The first section of this odd railway was opened Aug. 4, 1883, eight weeks before the Portrush-Giant's Causeway Tramway in Ireland. Volk's most extraordinary venture was the Brighton & Rottingdean Seashore Electric Tramroad, with a car shaped like a ship on long legs which ran through the sea at high water. The tramroad, about 2.75 miles long, was opened Nov. 28, 1896, and operated until Jan. 1901. Volk died in his 86th year.

Running Extra

YOU ARE RIGHT on the Aug. '75 train-order problem. I used that form often on the New Haven's Norwich branch when the *State of Maine* was running. Very few guys working today would know how to put out Form F orders. Incidentally, Penn Central would not even let us use them.—Thomas F. Sisk, retired 3rd-track dispatcher New Haven and Penn Central, 25 Mayflower Court, Groton, Conn. 06340.

ANSWERING a recent query, tonnage-per-operative-brake (T/OB) is an abstract term which indicates a train's braking power. The lower the number, the more quickly a train can be stopped. It is computed by dividing the train's tonnage (excluding tonnage of locomotives) by the number of cars having air-brakes in operating condition. Usually, all train cars have such brakes. Rarely does a car have its air brakes cut out (or inoperative), although sometimes this is necessary if the brake equipment malfunctions. On the Southern Pacific, before beginning a trip train crews are informed of number of loads, empties

(and their relative location in the train), total tonnage, length of train (in feet), and T/OB.—John Rapoza, SP locomotive engineer, CA Div., 9552 E. Live Oak Ave., Temple City, Calif. 91750.

ANYONE know about a Mr. Nettleton who lived in St. Louis or owned a railroad running to that city?—Leatha Johnson, 3513 178th St., Lansing, Illinois.

I WANT info and maps on all defunct lines in New York state.—Brian Burtner, 7 Pitcher St., Staten Island, N.Y. 10314.

WHO can tell me about a large stretch of track having one lead switch that circled a field north of the Edmonton, Alta., airport? It's not shown on any city maps.—Alan Whidden, Box 281, Woodstock, Ont., Canada N457X6.

RE QUERY about St. Louis, Rocky Mt. & Pacific, this line was about 100 miles long, extending from Des. Moines, N.M., where it connected with the Colorado & Southern, to Ute Park, N.M. Its headquarters, Raton, was about midway. It connected with the Santa Fe Ry. at Raton and at Preston, N.M., and with the El Paso & Southwestern at Colfax, N.M. Raton was on a short branch. Another short branch, to Koehler, served a coal mine. AT&SF acquired the line in 1912 and for a while operated it as the Rocky Mt. & Santa Fe Ry. Later it became a part of the Santa Fe proper. When I was secretary to the Santa Fe superintendent at Las Vegas, 1920-'22, I rode over the line several times in the boss's business car. It's now abandoned except for the Koehler branch.—Edward Mahoney, 5418 Ellsworth Ave., Dallas, Texas 75206.

DETAILS wanted on accident, a few years ago, when a passenger train went thru an open drawbridge into Newark Bay, N.J.—John Gray, 77 High St., Newton, N.J. 07860.

DID the Apache Ry. ever extend its route? If not, is an extension still planned!—Dale P. Bell, box 10183, Jefferson, La. 70181.

WHY do North American road engines carry high-mounted headlights while many locos on foreign lines don't carry any?—Harry Bennett, Jr., 1804 N. Mount St., Baltimore, Md. 21217.

(Top) Clarkson College Railroad Club caboose, using name Northern Railroad Assn., and Ogdensburg Bridge & Port Authority No. 11, ex-Norwood & St. Lawrence, operated a short excursion for a party of Girl Scouts in upstate New York area last Nov. 26th. Standing on steps of GE 70-tonner with flag is Prof. Robert B. Shaw of Clarkson. Robert B. Shaw, Clarkson College of Technology, Potsdam, N.Y. 13676

MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE in 1855 consolidated the Michigan Southern and the Northern Indiana into one railroad. In 1869, the Northern Indiana & Southern Michigan merged with the Lake Shore R.R., becoming the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. This, in turn, became part of the New York Central System in 1914. This info is found in *All Aboard!*, by Willis F. Dunbar. Based on this info, I'm wondering about the 1905 patent date, 36 years after the NI&SM was written into the history books!—Duane Riley, Rte. 3, Roma 9, Edwardsburg, Mich. 49112.

I FOUND a switch lock with CH&D on it. Which road was this?—Henry Humfreville, 43758 N. 45th West, Lancaster, Calif. 93534. (*Ed. note:* Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton).

THE PIEDMONT & NORTHERN was an electric road built in two sections, one in North Carolina, the other in South Carolina, not connected. After WW2 the electric wires were taken down and the railroad converted to diesel. Later it was merged with one of the roads now part of the Family Lines.—Charles Kirkwood, Jr., Box 1241, Clemson, S.C. 29631.

WANTED: info and pix of 1947 American Heritage Foundation train and 13-car Golden Spike centennial Limited, especially type of loco and cars, for HO scale I'm building.—Michael Holbert, 1579 S. State St., Zanesville, Ohio 43701.

WHEN R.R. Young was president and chairman of the New York Central board he put a locomotive engineer on the board of directors. Who, how long did he serve, and why was he appointed?—Harry Hampton, retired PC passenger condr., 69 W. Hazelwood Ave., Rahway, N.J. 07065.

AFTER many months, SP locos are appearing again on Rock Island thru trains between El Reno, Okla., and Ft. Worth, Texas. These units are big SD's and 3-axle U-

boats. What's the story of this pool-power arrangement?—Dave Lineberry, 4th Bn 4th FA, Fort Sill, Okla. 73503.

DID the Detroit Lubricator Co. ever make steam injectors?—Ernie Heath, 526 Amelia St., Cornwall, Ont., Canada K6H 3P8.

ANY INFO on the Baltimore & Eastern that ran on DelMarVa Peninsula? Did it interchange with the Ocean City Western? Did OCW have float facilities crossing the bay to Ocean City, Md.?—Gregory Weiler, RD2, Box 291, Rugby Rd., Birdsboro, Pa. 19508.

HOW could all the railroads serving New York City from New Jersey be able to abolish their Hudson River ferry service so easily?—John Laughlin, 142R County St., Seekonk, Mass. 02771.

THE VILLAGE of Mt. Kisco, N.Y., is planning to restore its old railroad depot, which was moved years ago to East Main St. and used as a store. The Harlem R.R. came to Mt. Kisco in 1847. For a time, a private building was used as a community meeting place and a railroad station. We think the building we want to restore was built shortly after 1850. Anyone have info about the time of its construction and what color the building was painted?—Kenneth Morgan, 20 Carpenter, Ave., Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 10549.

WOULD LIKE to hear from anyone interested in making steam locmotives to scale. In 1957, I finished an L&N 1300 class 2-8-0 that received much publicity. I want to sell her. Will send pix to possible buyers. She's currently on display here at Evansville.—Norwood Schukraft, 5900 Happe Rd., Evansville, Ind. 47712.

HOW is poundage figured on steel rails? What is meant by an 0-6-6-0 or 2-10-0 locomotive?—George Pinkley, 1016 N. Church St., Gibson City, Ill. 60936.

ANSWERING a query about initials NWERR on blue lantern globe, I'd say Northwestern Elevated R.R. Co. of Chicago. That road operated from downtown to Linden Ave., Wilmette, last 7 miles over R&W, owned by the Milwaukee Road, now part of Chicago Transit Authority.—J.W. Webster, Rte. 1, Box 21, Ft. Benton, Mont. 59442.

JERSEY CENTRAL'S Mikado No. 870, built in 1920 was an Elesco feedwater heater on her front deck below the smokebox, experienced a sluggish flow of condensate returning to the tender tank. In 1923 the heater was relocated to the smokebox top, with satisfactory results. At about the same time, Lackawanna's Pacific No. 1135 was so equipped. In 1923, her heater was soon replaced by a non-lifting injector, possibly for the same reason. During that period, the Santa Fe placed on service some similarly-equipped engines, which remained in service in the early 1950s. Who can tell me whether or not they had a similar problem? How was it avoided or overcome?—Warren B. Crater (retired CNJ engineer and one of our magazine's *Interesting Railfans*), 270 W. Colfax Ave., Roselle Park, N.J. 07204. •

Using the sun as a clean, cheap, and efficient source of power is the latest in CP Rail's research and experimentation. Rows of tiny solar cells gather in the sun's rays and convert them to electricity needed to control track circuits and highway crossing protection devices. They are the first of their kind on Canadian rails. CP Rail

Vanished Rails

A MAN is old, I've heard them say,
When his visions are all of yesterday
When his eyes are turned to scenes that are gone;
He lives in the past while Life rolls on.

And that, perhaps, is why I dream
Of roaring stacks that billowed steam,
Of two thin lines of silver light
That led through the forest aisles at night.

A crossing whistle long and clear
Reminds me of the cheek so dear
That sometimes nestled close to mine
When I busted fog on the logging line.

There are rails no more where we used to ride,
For the trees are gone from the mountain side;
And teeming life, of which we were part,
Is only an echo deep in my heart.

But I see in the night a water tank;
I hear the side-rods' muffled clank,
Or the eerie whine of the dynamo,
And I see a face in the firebox glow.

Oh, a man is old—I guess it's truth—
When his thoughts are all of days of youth,
When visions are full of hours that have flown;
He lives in memories and he lives alone.

But I wouldn't trade for youth nor gold
Just two little dreams of those days of old:
The clank of side-rods drifting free—
And the girl who rode in the cab with me.

—Frank Bennett

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

ONE OF THE MORE interesting new railfan newsletters to hit our desk recently is Frank White's *Midwestern Rails.* Frank's primary market is the mid-America rail enthusiast. His December editorial comment was especially interesting because it dovetailed with a problem here at *Railroad* where countless excellent pictures and slides can't be used because some of the five horsemen of identification are missing, namely, who, what, where, when, and why? To this we could add another, by whom?

Frank says, "It's amazing that railfans spend so much money on cameras, telephoto lenses, and tripods to take good pictures and then not identify them. It isn't true of everyone. But many contributors don't seem to bother.

"Perhaps we should all look up those boxes of slides we have on hand and make sure they are identified. If you trade slides, you should definitely have your name on each one. Who knows where they'll wind up? Some railroads, like the KCS, use very small numerals to identify their engines.

"The best way to mark your slides is with rubber stamps. You can get band stamps with numbers and letters. Use the one with numbers for engine numbers and dates. Use the one with letters for locations. It would be easier to have a small stamp made with your name on it than change the band stamp each time. But whatever you do, get those slides and photos identified." *Midwestern Rails* publishes 12 monthly issues for $9. For more info write White Publishing, 208 N. Stewart St., Geneseo, Ill. 61254.

FRED STINDT and the Pacific Coast Chapter of Railway & Locomotive Historical Society are making tentative plans for the Society's 1977 annual meeting in San Francisco bay area and at the much anticipated Old Sacramento Railroad Museum. But Bill Fletcher's Southern Calif. Chapter has pretty well firmed up, as hosts in this Bicentennial year, what should be a pleaser for prexy Howard F. Greene and Society members when the clan gathers in Los Angeles locales with special programs, guest speakers, board of directors' meetings, and annual luncheon, May 1 and 2.

Without a doubt the greatest attraction for the visiting firemen will be the Chapter's tremendous steam locomotive and allied rail exhibits on year-round exhibit at nearby Los Angeles County Fair Grounds in Pomona. Many have acclaimed this as an outstanding example of railroad history of the West.

Having just crossed Lehigh Valley bridge entering Easton, Pa., Whippany River 148 heads for Bethlehem fantrip in '75.

Patricia Maggio, 102 Bay 11 St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11228

Entering the exhibit area, the first thing that catches your eye and imagination, at the head of steam engine alley, is the old Santa Fe station from Arcadia. Built in 1895, it witnessed the daily passing of Santa Fe's finest trains for over 70 years from a site near First Avenue. This dowager depot has appeared in numerous motion pictures over the years and is a classic example of gingerbread architecture.

Just beyond the station are various pieces of equipment, including six locomotives: a 4-6-4 Santa Fe Hudson; Union Pacific Big Boy 4-8-8-4 No. 4014 and three-cylinder 4-12-2 UP No. 9000; Fruit Growers Supply Co. Climax logging loco No. 3; Outer Harbor Terminal Ry. switcher No. 2 and U.S. Potash Co. narrow-gage 2-8-0 No. 3. An old Santa Fe hack, built by ACF in 1923 and retired in 1955, and a track motor car should round out a delightful visit to Pomona.

Bill Fletcher, chairman, Southern Calif. Chapter, R&LHS, at chapter's steam exhibit area in Pomona where society will visit in May.

Santa Fe Railway

The Chapter also owns Espee 4-10-2 No. 5021, located elsewhere. Dutch Hendrick, editor of their house organ, *Observation Platform,* says the membership has donated more than half the amount needed to get her back home. However, more money is needed before she can take her place among the other iron horses at Pomona. It would be nice to see her on display and an added plus for the annual R&LHS meeting. Donation funds for the 5021 should be sent to the Southern Calif. Chapter chairman, William B. Fletcher, 7515 Yankey St., Downey, Calif. 90242.

THIS SHOULD interest rail enthusiasts living in the Canadian Maritime provinces and in Maine. Anyone wanting to form a Dominion Atlantic Railfan Society, contact D.F.W. Conrad, Box 5133, Armdale P.O., Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

WE'RE STILL near the top of the year. To last month's list of railfan clubs putting out 1976 calendars, we add three more:

Publications Committee, NRHS Buffalo Chapter, Inc., 415 East Union St., Lockport, N.Y. 14094, has one with 13 steam, diesel, and electric photos of western New York, 8½x11″, with plastic binding, $2.75.

California Southern Railroad Museum, Box 221, Walnut, Calif. 91789, features 13 steam and electric pix around North America, 11x17″ plastic comb-bound $1.85. (Calif. residents, add 6 percent sales tax.)

Michigan Railroad Club calendar, Box 586, Dearborn, Mich. 48121, lines up 13 scenes of Michigan steam, diesel, trolley, 10x16″, foldout wall-type, $2.30.

To the above listings, because of our strong support for any legit money-raising railfan club project, we repeat from last month's array of quality products for the rail enthusiast. I hope everyone has a sellout.

New York Central calendar has 12 choice photos, one for each month, plus significant historical dates, $2.50 (Ohio residents, include sales tax). Write to NYC System Historical Society, Inc., Box 10027, Cleveland, Ohio 44110.

Bluegrass Railroad Club calendar features Midwestern and Southeastern steam, diesel, traction, $2.50. Contact Dr. Wesley Ross, 1749 Bahama Rd., Arlington, Ky. 40511.

A new offering has 14 8x10″ photos of NKP and predecessor roads, $2.50. Write Nickel Plate Historical Technical Society, Box 6212, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46806.

LAWRENCE THOMAS, editor of Southwest Kansas RR Society newsletter, *The Southwest Limited,* reports that The Rock Island Technical Society has a new address: The Rock, care of John W. Martin, 1723 Fair Park Blvd., Little Rock, Ark. 77204. A fine newsletter comes with a $5 annual membership.

AN ACTIVE non-profit group working to promote rail travel is Ohio Assn. of Railroad Passengers, which publishes an interesting newsletter, *The 6:53,* usually every other month. Annual membership dues are regular $5, contributing $10, participating $25, sponsor $50, and sustaining $100. Railfans interested in the old Buckeye State—and there are many—contact OARP, P.O. Box 653, Xenia, Ohio 45385. An attractive red, white and blue vinyl 14½x3½″ bumper sticker featuring the UA Turbotrain is available for 50¢ with SSE sent to Timothy N. Colbert, 1008 Englewood Drive, Parma, Ohio 44134. The OARP badge, same size as the Amtrak's Track's are back, sells one for 55¢, two for $1. The badge is metal, with the OARP logo laminated in black on yellow, pin-on-style. Contact Joe Schwieterman, Box 13, Rolfes Rd., Maria Stein, Ohio 45860.

MILWAUKEE ROAD RAILFANS ASSN., a four-year-old group, aims to reach more fans. For information and membership applications write to Don Dietrich, 9508 15th Ave. N.E., Seattle, Wash. 98115. The MRRA is a non-profit organization which promotes interest in the history and present operations of the CMStP&P. They are not connected with the railroad itself, but members are united in a common interest in all phases of it. Together with their monthly publication, the *Milwaukee Railroader,* MRRA holds an annual meeting, preferably in some city prominent in Milwaukee Road operations. Contact Don for more details.

AN HISTORICAL research project undertaken by Daryl Ryder includes two relatively obscure Colorado narrow-gage lines, the results of which will be furnished in the Colorado Railroad Museum and the State Historical Society, reports the Rocky Mt. Railroad Club. Daryl is interested in photos and info, but especially pix of the Denver Fireclay Co. R.R. (1928-1962) north of Golden, and the railroad owned by George Lindsay which operated from 1929-1940 at the head of Leyden Gulch and transferred to the Denver & Intermountain west of Leyden. Write him at 1022 9th St., Golden, Colo. 80401.

WHEN a member of North Alabama Railroad Club of NRHS visits the club's museum at Sheffield, he or she can view with pride the Award of Merit presented recently to NARC by the Alabama Historical Commission for outstanding service to the preservation of the state's heritage. The award was made for: (1) Investing more than $30,000 in funds and priceless amounts of time and talent in the restoration of locomotive No. 77, a significant 1920-built piece of Americana. (2) Producing and publishing historical documents and materials relating to Alabama and American railroads. (3) Considerable contributions to the Historical Commission's program of recording, restoring, and preserving railway depots and other historic engineering and architectural landmarks. (4) Contributions of preservation which produces a clearer understanding for Alabama youth of transportation and railroads with an attractive, authentic, operable steam locomotive.

JERRY ANGIER, ed of RRE's 470 Railroad Club newsletter, *The 470,* writes that Dwight Smith's Conway Scenic Railroad yard at North Conway, N.H., has become a haven for various types of private cars, mostly owned by Portland Div. members. Just before heavy snows of winter descended on the Granite State, a typical weekend would see Ron Johnson camping out in his Grand Trunk hack while painting CS's red, white, and blue observation car, No. 76, and Ken Coombs and family busy painting and patching their GT van.

On another track, Wayne Allen is at home in newly refurnished Belfast & Moosehead Lake caboose. Ahead of it is parked Carl Sonne's Portland Terminal snowplow, with Carl and his new bride busily installing new window sashes and screens. Yep, window screens in a snowplow! Over on the back track, Dave Albert is being assisted by his parents in his project to get a coat of primer on his ex-MEC passenger coach. John Egan and Dave Penney are working on their ex-C&O caboose.

Dave Dudley is putting finishing touches on the exterior of his Maine Central flanger. Behind Dave's flanger is Dwight Smith's ex-BAR cafe-observation car. Dwight's son ERIC discovered, while removing old partitions, beautiful inlaid mahogany woodwork underlying many coats of paint. Next to the back track is an old ash track holding three privately-owned backs; an ex-Central Vermont job with the owners, *Interesting Railfan* Howard Audibert and his wife Blanche, of St. Petersburg, Fla., hard at work; a L&NE hack owned by a Virginia family, and a BAR side door caboose presently for sale. For details contact Dwight Smith, Conway Scenic R.R., North Conway, N.H. 03860. •

BOOKS OF THE RAILS

by GORTON T. H. WILBUR

The Adirondack, shown being hauled by a Delaware & Hudson PA diesel, is a fine through passenger train operating between New York and Montreal. Bill Young's book has interesting text and good pix of 4 D&H PA's built in Schnectady by Alco in '48.

Yuletide drawing by Joseph M. Mannix from E. Lewis Pardee, President, NRHS

NARROW GAUGE PORTRAIT SOUTH PACIFIC COAST, by Bruce A. MacGregor, 187 pages, 8½x11¼", hardbound, photo, scale drawings, timetable, train order, Glenwood Publishers, $16.50. Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.

This is Bruce MacGregor's sequel to his *South Pacific Coast,* published in 1968. The new book has 261 recently discovered photos, plus fresh historical data about the fascinating narrow-gage road that passed through east San Francisco Bay area and climbed over the high hills to the Santa Cruz coast. Ferryboat fans will enjoy the stately, tall, black-stacked, beam-engined scenes of *Garden City* and *Newark.*

The author writes that folklore about the region and the railroad holds a particular share of intrigue. This includes tales of locomotives ditched and lost up Soquel Creek on a three-foot gage logging spur out of Aptos, tales of whole trains left in bypassed tunnels sealed off in avalanches, tales of pieces of narrow-gage rail still remaining in the streets of San Francisco where South Pacific Coast boxcars came off the ferryboats, 30 years ago. The stories multiply around myths, missing facts, and the subtle fabric in memories of old-timers now in their nineties. They form a good part of what remains from narrow-gage days. It's an antiquarian's treasure hunt.

THE PA BOOK, Railroading Series, Vol. 1, edited by William S. Young, 50 pages, 8½x11", soft-bound, photos, map diagrams, Starrucca Valley Publications, $4. Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.

The PA Book, edited and published by W. S. Young, one of our *Interesting Railfans,* is the first volume of *The Railroading Series,* successor to his *Railroading;* and Vol. 2 is due out early this year. Excellent photos and text give a lively account of the Delaware & Hudson's unique Alco-GE passenger locos hauling the *Adirondack* and the *Laurentian.* D&H fans will also find competent treatment of their Sharks. The D&H has the last four PA's in the country and the last two remaining Sharks. We wish Bill good luck in his new series.

RAILROADING WEST, A CONTEMPORARY GLIMPSE, by Jeffrey T. Brouws and Ronald C. Hill, 80 pages, 8½x9½", softbound, photos and captions, Rail Graphics, $7.50. Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.

The authors present this volume as a modern view of Western railroads during the past decade. They write: "We had two major objectives in preparing the book: to share our photographic pleasures and experiences with you and to illustrate what we felt to be the essance of Western railroading. However, this is by no means a definitive pictorial. As the title suggests, it is solely a personal glimpse at some of our favorite railroads in the often spectacular West. Since many railfans and photographers are interested in knowing which camera, lenses, and films were utilized, we have included two pages of rather detailed photographic information."

RAILROADS (SPARE TIME GUIDE, NO. 9), by Paul B. Cors, 152 pages, 6¼x9¼", hardbound, reference text, Libraries Unlimited, Inc., $10. Available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.

Paul B. Cors, himself a railfan, realizes that rail hobbyists have diverse interests. Within the fraternity, you find steam loco specialists, narrow-gage experts, electric railroad devotees, students of rail geography, etc. Cor's book celebrates our hobby as an expression of free delight.

He writes of *Railroad Magazine* in his "Societies and Periodicals" section. "This is the oldest of the railfan periodicals. It began as a popular magazine for railroad employees, but was largely taken over by the fans. Its scope is the entire U.S. railroad scene (we might add here all of Canada and some foreign lands, too) and it publishes both historical articles and reports of current activities. It also publishes fiction and poetry. It is well illustrated. Reviews of books are regularly included. Most railfans regard this as basic."

TRAIN SHED CYCLOPEDIA NO. 32: LOCOMOTIVE TENDERS AND TRUCKS (PART 2) FROM THE 1927 LOCOMOTIVE CYCLOPEDIA, 80 pages, softbound, 8¼x11½", reprinted from original edition, scale drawings, pix, specs, text matter; $5.50. (All titles in his series are published by Newton K. Gregg and available from Railroad Magazine Book Service.

TRAIN SHED CYCLOPEDIA NO. 33: BUILDINGS AND STRUCTURES OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, 1893 (PART 5), 72 pages, softbound, 8¼"x11½", reprinted from original edition, scale drawings, photos, specs, text matter; $4.95.

TRAIN SHED CYCLOPEDIA NO. 34: SHAYS AND OTHER GEARED LOCOS FROM CATALOGS AND CYCLOPEDIAS, 64 pages, softbound, 8¼x11¼", reprinted from original edition, scale drawings, pix, specs, text matter; $4.50.

Periodicals and Journals

RAILROAD HISTORY NO. 133 (Fall, 1975), edited by John H. White, Jr., 128 pages, 6x9", softbound, full-color cover,

photos, roster, maps, book reviews, published by The Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Harvard Business School, Room 133, Kresge Hall, Boston, Mass. 02163; free for members, non-members $5. (Annual membership $7.50, contributing $12.50, life $100.)

The beautiful color cover from an 1890 Wabash timetable in the collection of Arthur D. Dubin, R&LHS director and author of *More Classic Trains*, sets the pace for probably the greatest account ever of the old Wabash Railroad. Betty Tone Summers, a recent *Interesting Railfan*, has a dramatic in-service drawing of a Rogers-built engine on the old Northern Cross Railroad. R&LHS also is indebted to William Swartz for his excellent Wabash article and the tremendous compilation of its all-time roster. This list includes all motive power, steam and diesel, owned by the "Follow the Flag" route and its predecessor lines. The time span extends from 1838 to 1964, when the Wabash became part of the Norfolk & Western. This edition of *Railroad History* is sure to be a collector's item. Jack White's Spring '76 issue, No. 134, will include articles on J.E. Thomson, Georgia railroads during the reconstruction period, the Nevada County Narrow Gage, etc.

CENTRAL HEADLIGHT, edited by A.K. Bush, R.B. Street for N.Y. Central System Historical Society, Box 10027, Cleveland, Ohio 44110. Each issue contains choice pix and reading matter on slick paper. Nov. '75 issue included diesel roster No. 2, compiled by Bill Edson, former NYC chief mechanical engineer. Charlie Smith, president of the society, tells me that the club's annual meeting will be held in Cleveland on Saturday, March 6th. He feels by having it on a weekend, more members will be able to attend. One feature of this meeting will be a model contest of NYC power.

TRAINLINE is edited by Kevin P. Keefe for Tourist Railway Assn. Inc., a non-profit New York State group chartered to further the aims of a membership composed of railroad museum operators, tourist railways, railroad excursions, suppliers, private car owners, etc. For further info write TRA, Inc., Suite 2612, Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y.

TRANSIT POSTMARK COLLECTOR, edited by Hershel E. Rankin, usually 14 pages, 8½x11˝, photo-offset printing, with cancelled RPO stamps from by-gone trains, photos, and old RPO rail schedules. $6 membership in Mobile Post Office Society brings you this publication six times a year. Contact Edwin B. Bergman, membership director, 5030 Aspen Dr., Omaha, Neb. •

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THE MA & PA, by George W. Hilton	$ 5.00	($ 4.75)
THE RUTLAND ROAD, by James Shaughnessy	$11.50	($10.90)
JANE'S WORLD RAILWAYS	$65.00	($61.75)
RIGHT-OF-WAY (Abandoned Roads)	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
AMTRAK CAR SPOTTER, edited by Bob Wayner	$ 4.95	($ 4.70)
THE GREAT TRAINS, Bryan Morgan	$35.00	($33.25)
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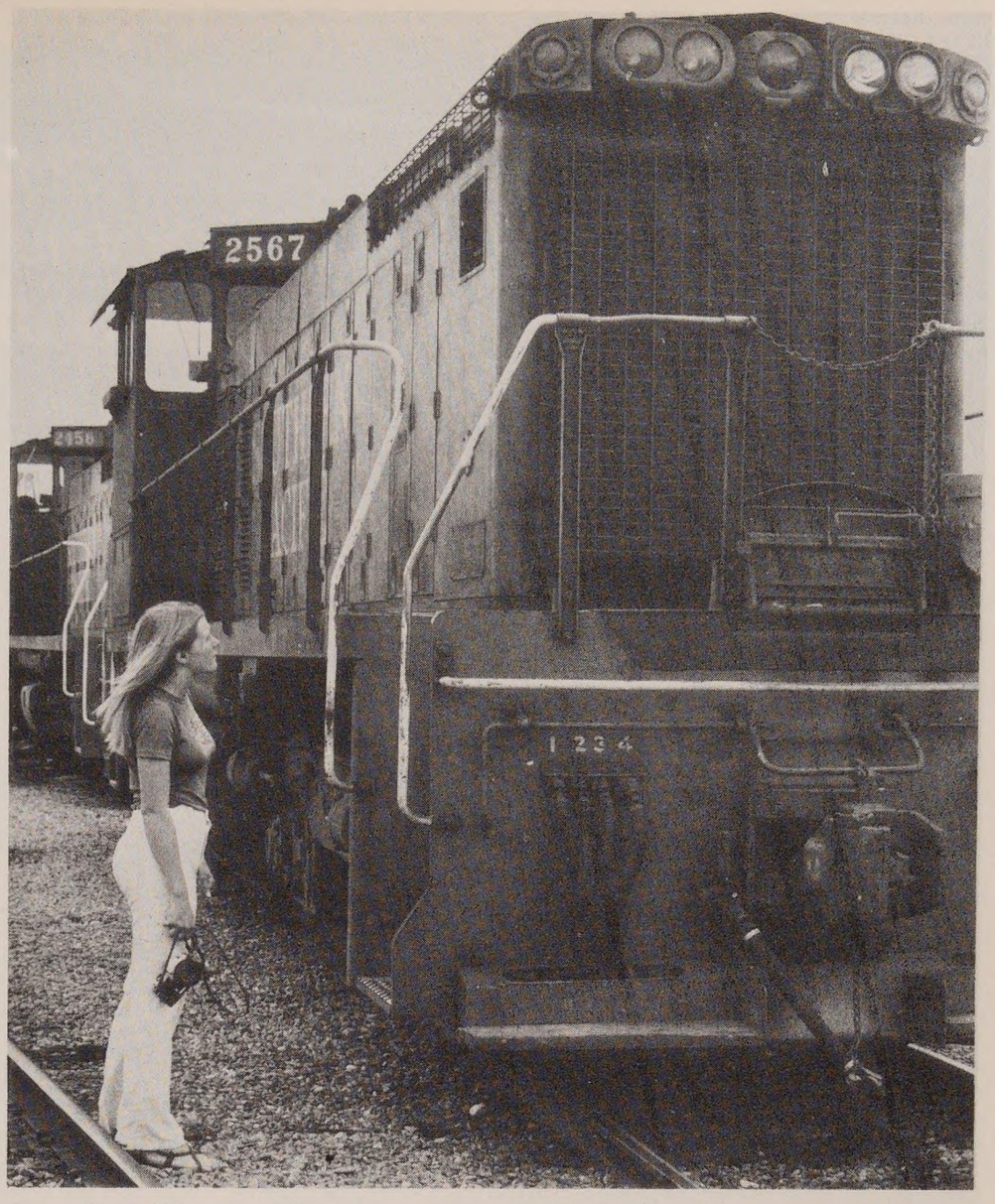
STEAM ON THE ANTHRACITE ROADS, by Mike Eagleson	$ 6.50	($ 6.15)
THE ROUTE OF PHOEBE SNOW, by Sheldon S. King	$15.00	($14.25)
NORFOLK & WESTERN STEAM (No. 2), by R. Rosenberg	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)

THE SWITCH LIST

All ads in this section cost 20¢ a word (minimum 25 words, no maximum wordage), including abbreviations, names, initials, numbers, cities, states, or provinces. Zip codes free. SSE means "enclose self-addressed stamped envelope." Send check or money order with each entry to Bill Balgley, advertising manager, Railroad Magazine, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



Susan Hund of Woodland Hills, Calif., thinks SP SW1500 No. 2567 needs more lights.

Photograph by William T. Morgan

COLOR SLIDES of diesel and steam locomotives, large assortment covering all class 1 railroads and many short lines. Also black and white action photos. Sample and catalog, 35¢—Midwest Photo, 922 Main Street, Keokuk, Iowa 52632.

BUYING railroad collections and single items. I will buy timetables,brochures, folders, switch keys, passes, guides, cap badges, booklets, posters, books, miscellaneous items. Single items are small accumulations purchased by mail. Collections can be picked up anywhere in the country.—Fred Arone, 377 Ashford, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522.

HERE AGAIN! Still seeking old railroad stock or bond certificates. Poor's or Moody's Manuals, junk ticket-dater machines. I swap, too.—Bob Greenwalt, 9239 DeAdalana, Rosemead, Calif. 91770.

TIMETABLES, buy, sell, trade. Any year, any railroad, public or employee. Will send free listing of all Amtrak timetables for SSE.—Carl Loucks, 199 Wayland Street, Hamden, Conn. 06518.

WANTED: STOCK CERTIFICATES; any quantity.—Ken Prag, Box 431R, Hawthorne, Calif. 90250.

OLD RADIO programs on cassettes or reels. Your favorite shows return. We have thousands of programs to choose from: Amos and Andy, Fred Allen, I Love a Mystery, Inner Sanctum, Sherlock Holmes, etc. Send 50¢ for our catalog to Remember Radio Inc., Box 2513U, Norman, Okla. 73609.

COLOR DIESEL SLIDES. Thousands to choose from, representing hundreds of major roads, shortlines, industries. Constantly expanding inventory from across North America. For current catalog and sample send $1 to Porreca, Box 22, Boulder, Colo. 90302.

PASSENGER-CARRYING miniature trains, 3½″ to 24″ gauges, steam, gas; new or used, custom-built. Brochure, dozen photos, $2—Trains, 142R County St., Seekonk, Mass. 02771.

RAILROAD CAP BADGES. Over 200 old authentic badges for sale, $4.95 each and up, 23 different railroads and 78 occupations. List free for SSE. Other railroadiana available, too.—Utberg, Box 420, Edinburg, Tex 78539.

WANTED, DENVER TRAMWAY photos and negatives: any photos, negs., postcards, slides, history of city buses, streetcars, trolley coaches, cablecars, horsecars, in service or out of service (off trucks). Please write James E. Kunkle, Denver Tramway historian, P.O. Box 2984, Denver, Colo. 80201.

WILL BUY ENVELOPES and postcards with R.P.O., AGT., and R.R. cancellations; also schedules of mail routes and general schemes of various states.—Edward Ross, Box 65, Granite Springs, N.Y. 10527.

RAILWAY NEGATIVES and original slides, mostly recent-vintage diesel and electric power. Some European and Japanese slides. No list; state requests.—William J. Brennan, 82 Devonshire Rd., Cedar Grove, N.J. 07009.

FOR SALE: 110 different railroad emblem watch fobs, $2.50 each. Tie tacs, key chains, tie clips, $1.75 each. Large belt buckles, $5 each plus 50¢ postage. Send 10¢ stamp for free list. Dealers write—Hoovers, 120R Fruit, Peru, Ill. 61354.

ROGER ARCARA, 1432 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells reconditioned cameras, sizes 120-160. 116-616, for large oblong negatives; details free.

RAILROAD STOCK CERTIFICATES. Catalog plus beautiful certificate $2.—Ken Prag, Box 431R, Hawthorne, Calif. 90250.

STILL CAN HANDLE slide or photo orders; but, after 22 years, business is for sale in entirety, or will break up. Complete catalog of 325 sheets of railroads, trolleys, ferries, autos, etc., $15. Price and inventory specific group or company, $5. Small order (specify road), $1—35-Slides Co., Box 6098, Dept. RR, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934.

MIDWESTERN RAILS, a newsletter for fans of Midwestern railroads, 12 monthly issues for $9. For information write White Publishing, 208 N. Stewart Street, Geneseo, Illinois 61254.

THEATRE PIPE ORGAN & RR whistling LP's wanted. Also RR movies.—Alden Miller, 3212-34th Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55406.

PUBLIC TIMETABLES: We buy all, pay big. Try us first.—Antique Timecard Aquisitors, 126 Coconut Dr., Ft. Myers Beach, Fla. 33931.

LIONEL OR AMERICAN FLYER wanted. Tired of your tinplate pike? I'll buy an engine or all the rolling stock.—Al Ruocchio, 429 Chadwick, Raleigh, N.C. 27609.

SEND LONG SSE for list of 100 railroad lanterns. Also switch keys, locks, signs.—Kenneth Palmer, 128 Front St., Port Jervis, N.Y. 12771.

MILWAUKEE, FRISCO, GEORGIA, Southern, Seaboard, Burlington, Erie, New Haven, Nickel Plate, Western Maryland, Northern Pacific, Grand Trunk, Rock Island and Pere Marquette uniform buttons, 60¢ each.—J. Lajoie, 22 Stevens, Methuen, Mass. 01844.

FANTASTIC CLEAR PLASTIC slip covers for public timetables: 100 for $6.75, postpaid.—Tom Coval, 21 E. Robin Rd., Holland, Pa. 18966. Also have TT grab-bags, $17 worth for $8.

BUYING NEGATIVES OR SLIDES? Tired of continually sending for new lists? Rail Film Monthly has new listings of negatives and original slides of steam, diesels, electrics, shortlines and industrials in each bi-monthly issue. Sample copy 75¢, six issue subscription $4.20.—Box 4676, San Francisco, Ca. 94101.

GAF COLOR SLIDES U.S., foreign, travel, historic, Disney wildlife, space travel, moon landing. Catalog 25¢.—Worldwide Slides-R2 7427 Washburn Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. 55423.

RAILWAY HISTORY MONOGRAPHS: Subscribe to the only journal covering all phases of railway history. $6 per volume (100+ pages). Some back issues available. Send for catalog.—J-B Publishing Company, 430 Ivy Ave., Crete, Neb. 68333.

DISPOSING of surplus diesel and passenger car color slides. Good quality, 20 for $5, 100 for $22, my choice. Prompt replies. Selling RR books, tts, etc. List for SSE.—O.H. Borsum, 426 Woodland Circle, Lynchburg, Va. 24502.

NESTLE'S RAILROADIANA: experience, satisfaction and fair deals. I buy, sell all old rail magazines, timetables, etc. Send stamp for sample listing or fulfilling requests. R.D. #2, Ray Rd., Greenwich, N.Y. 12834.

I BUY OR trade: annual passes, locks, keys, lanterns, tie nails, timetables, most anything railroad. Your lists for mine.—Farrell, 1695 So. Locust, Meridian, Idaho 83642.

WANTED: ANYTHING CINCINNATI, Hamilton & Dayton, Dietz kerosene depot street lamps, express

signs, badges, hardware, brass, telegraph, pegboard, switchboard, coal base burner stove.—Terrell Berryman, 360 West Dearborn, Englewood, Fla. 33533.

ORIGINAL COLORED SLIDES: diesels, stations. Lists, sample 35¢.— Schenk, Box 195, Seneca, N.Y. 14224. Also have back issues; Railroad Magazine; USA, Canadian stamps. Lists SSE.

AUTHENTIC, ANTIQUE, RAILROAD watches going back to days of crack steam trains. Fine 24, 23, 21 jewelled collector items. Send two dimes plus SSE for long list.—Sidney Schimmel, 818-B North Croft Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.

NEW RAILROAD TRACTION T-shirts, multicolored: Chessie, Super Chief, PE, C&LE with car $4.25. For one color logo PRR, B&O, L&N. $3.50. Each 30¢ postage, medium, large, X-large. New white RR caps, $2.25 plus 30¢. Big 60 page catalog, $1.10. Cloth patches, fobs, buckles, books, much more. SSE on inquiry. Buy original color slides traction, centennial locomotives.—Wm. Krueger, 2018 Leo, Dayton, Oh 45404.

WANTED: ORIGINAL PAINTINGS, renderings, drawings, etc. of streamlined trains, especially Loewy, Kuhler and Dreyfuss designs. Send complete information, including price, size, condition and photo if possible to: Edward Swain, P.O. Box 203, Flourtown, Pa. 19031.

WILL SELL GE builder plate 6982 from Milwaukee Road bi-polar electric to highest bidder.—R.V. Nixon, Box 197, Polson, Mont. 59860.

FOR SALE: AMTRAK timetables and other railroadiana, menus, playing cards, pre-Amtrak timetables, etc. Send large SSE for list. Will buy public timetables.—Michael Rolcik, 443 Tipton Court, Cincinnati, Oh 45231.

THE GREAT TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD just published; a unique book with a vivid description of the technical details, first hand reports, and travel manual. Available in paperback from Trans-Siberian Ltd., 315 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94108. $3.20 postpaid.

EX-UP BAGGAGE-dormitory car for sale. Excellent condition and in running order. Write J.W. Kerslake Co., Box 629, Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57101 or call 605-332-3532 or 743-2725.

OLD STATE and railroad maps, 70 to 110 years old, all states, some old county maps. Send SSE; specify which state.—Northern Map Co., Dept. RR, Eagle River, Wisc. 54521.

94 YEARS of ROCHESTER RAILWAYS: two volumes of 1124 illustrations, 10 maps, 1862-1956, 138 subway photos; $7.50 each.—Bill Gordon, 232 Beresford Rd., Rochester, N.Y. 14610.

JOHNSTOWN TRACTION COMPANY: 72 pages, over 75 photos, 6x9, soft cover history. $5 plus 30¢ for handling.—Ben Rohrbeck, 1003 N. Chester Road, West Chester, Pa. 19380.

OLD POSTCARD SCENIC trolley color slides, 1600 items including duplicates, $1300. Or 400 railroad, $350. Lists trolleys, $2; rr's $1.—35 Slides Co., Box 6098-RR, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934.

FOR SALE: P&R lantern, $35; 1 brass and 1 nickel (?) plated conductors' lanterns (no RR markings), $80 each; Railroad Magazine and Trains (1968-1974), $7 each year, postpaid. Also several RR books (some mint and/or autographed). Listing, 25¢.—G. Kidder, R.D. #1, Acton, Mass. 01720.

PASSENGER TRAINS for sale: Western Joint Passenger Tariff, 1953, 291 pages, $5; Southwestern Texas-Louisiana Tariff, 1957, 325 pages, $6; both for $10. Lists stations and fares in passenger train hay day. Also Illinois Central Suburban schedules early 60's, $1.—Michael Loeser, 635 Robin Court, Grayslake, Ill. 60030. •

Coming Events

(No charge for listing in this section)

March 7, 14: Fifth annual National Capital Trolley Museum world railway film festival, different show daily at 1, 2, 3, 4 p.m. Also on April 18, fifth annual trolley car spectacular, all operable cars in action. Museum located in Maryland National Capital Park and Planning Commission's Northwest Branch Regional Park, north of Wheaton, Md. Details from Robert Flack, 1909 Forest Dale Dr., Silver Spring, Md. 20903.

March 26-April 11: N.Y. Society of Model Engineers 50th anniversary. Special exhibition at its quarters, 341 Hoboken Rd., Carlstadt, N.J., extensive O and HO gage layouts. Mon.-Fri.. 7-10 p.m., Sat. 1-10 p.m., Sun. 1-8 p.m. Adults 75¢, kids 25¢. Info from Robert DeStefano, 110 Home Place, Lodi, N.J. 07644.

April 2-4: 2nd annual model rr. benefit NRHS-GTW 4070, Steam Tours, Rdg. 2102. April 2 dinner and film festival info from Dick Sherwood, 1686 Parkwood, Lakewood, Ohio 44107. April 3-4 large flea market, operating modular and trolley layouts, displays, clinics, movies. Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., $1. All 3 days at Hospitality Motor Inn-South, I-77 and Rockside Rd., Cleveland (Independence), Ohio. Latter two days details from Jeffrey Brashares, 3803 Brendan Lane, North Olmsted, Ohio 44070.

April 3: Spring Trolleymen's Meet sponsored by Fort Taber Historical Assn. Trolley buffs, traction modelers, dealers invited. Operating trolley layouts, model displays, contest, auction, trolleyiana; movies, slides of Union St. Ry. trolley operation in YMCA, Spring and Pleasant Sts., New Bedford, Mass. Write Trolley Show Committee, FTHA, P.O. Box M-101, Ft. Rodman, Mass. 02744.

April 3-4: Spring excur. on Black River & Western, Flemington to Lambertville, behind 2-8-0 No. 60. Trains leave Flemington, 10 a.m., return 4 p.m. Open window coaches, included. Adults $7.95, kids under 12, $5.95. Black River Volunteers Assn., P.O. Box 200, Ringoes, N.J. 08551. (SSE)

April 10: New Haven Railroad Technical Information Assn. 14th annual reunion at Northeastern U., Boston, Mass. Contact Hollis Baird, 221 Wilson Ave., Wollaston, Mass. 02170.

April 23-May 9: Bicentennial Vignettes. Round trip by rail from Los Angeles to East Coast, visiting historical points in Virginia, and Pa. Dutch Country by special bus. $50 deposit required. Details from Pacific Railroad Society, Inc., P.O. Box 2274, Mission Viejo, Calif. 92675.

April 25: Special Bicentennial trolley car trip on SEPTA-Red Arrow Div. with 80-series car covering Media and Sharon Hill lines, Philadelphia, lv. 69th St. Terminal, 1 p.m., return about 5 p.m.; photo stops. Reservations needed. Adults $6, kids $3. Write Ernest Kovacs, 416 Second Ave., Bethlehem, Pa. 18018.

April 30-May 2: annual Railway & Locomotive Historical Society meeting hosted by Southern Calif. Chapter in Los Angeles area. Visits to Chapter's famed steam loco collection, Pomona, and Disneyland. Speakers, special luncheon, board of directors meeting. Contact William B. Fletcher, 7515 Yankey St., Downey, Calif. 90242.

May 1-2: annual Rail Road Buffs Assn. convention, Philadelphia. SEPTA, Red Arrow trips, banquet, speaker. Details from Robt. Epstein, 117-14 Union Turnpike, Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415. •

WANTED:

Steam generator for Pullman-built (1929) business car. Vapor-Clarkson AN-4944-B-1 or equivalent Baker car heater or useful substitute. Contact Cheerieerie, Ltd. 280 Madison Ave. No. 910, New York City 10016.

Pen Pals Wanted

(No charge for listing in this section)

David Cohen (age 31), #213—180 6th St., New Westminster, B.C., Canada, V3L 2Z9, wants pen pals interested in city rapid transit.

Richard T. Freed, 533-31st St. N.W., Canton, Ohio 44709, wants to hear from railfanettes, ages 24-29.

Robert C. Oehmer, Jr., 3211 Cristo Lane, Jacksonville, Fla. 32211, wants to hear from single railfanettes, aged 18 to 30.

Mlle. Nicole Raynard, (age 18) 7 Rue Clemenceau, 95370 Montigny, les-Cormeilles, Pres de Paris, France, SNCF inspector's daughter, interested in all sports, reading, records, wants to correspond in English and French with daughter of British Railway employee.

Henry W. Johnson (age 59), P.O. Box 328, Eastport, N.Y. 11941, former Santa Fe diesel shopman who also drove trolley buses in Newark, N.J., is now permanently disabled, needs cheer-up letters and cards. Also reading matter of railroads, trolleys, buses, trucking. Says he answers all mail. •

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